THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

DEACON & PETERSON, PUBLISHERS,
NO. 319 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.
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EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } Editors and Proprietors.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 7, 1862.

ESTABLISHED AUGUST 4, 1821.
WHOLE NUMBER ISSUED, 2182.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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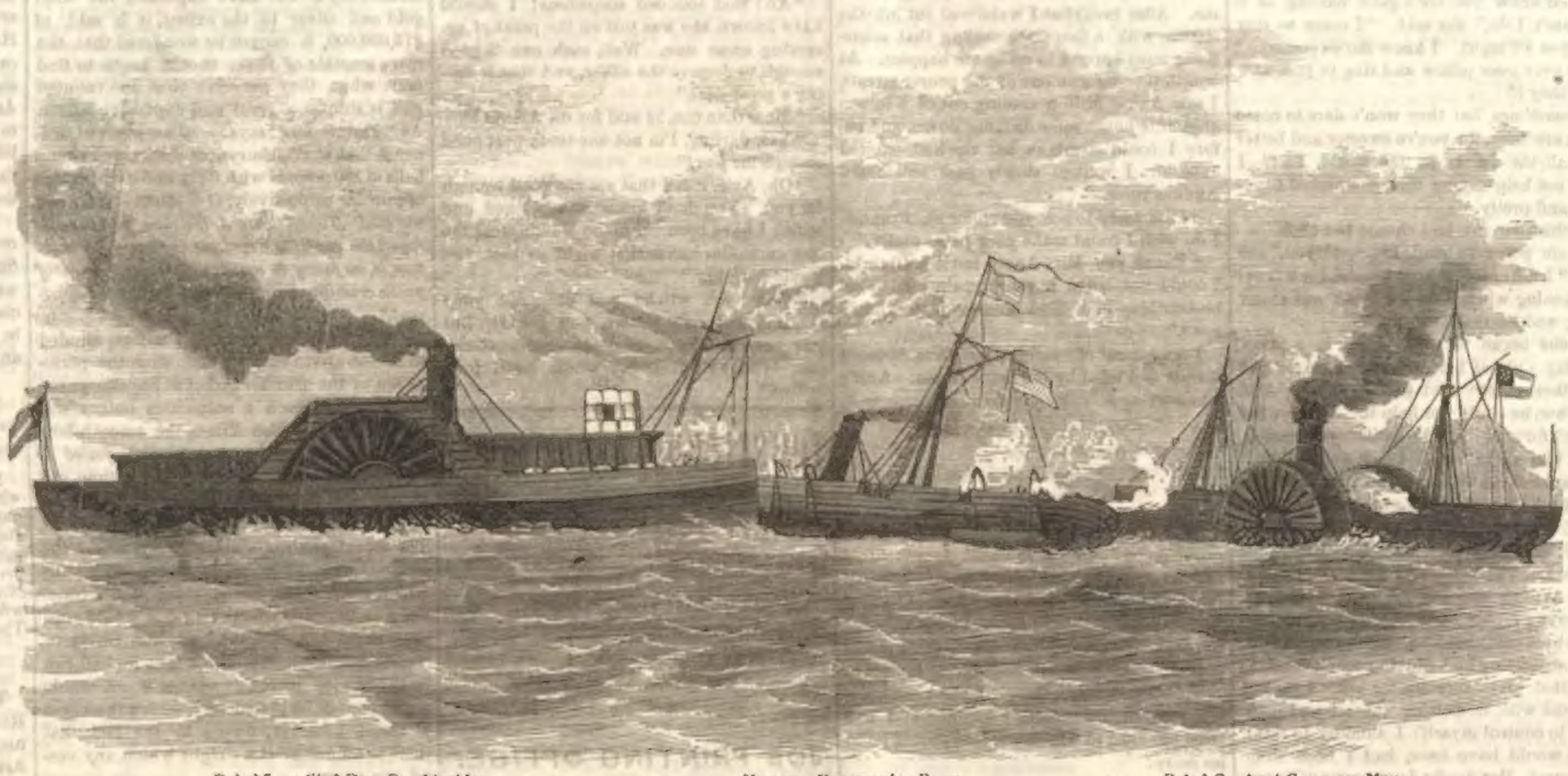

Rebel Iron-Clad Ram Breckinridge. Varuna—Commander Boggs. Rebel Gunboat Governor Moore.

Desperate Engagement, April 24th, Between the U. S. Gunboat Varuna, Commander Boggs, and the Rebel Steam Ram J. C. Breckinridge,

AND THE REBEL GUNBOAT GOVERNOR MOORE.

The above sketch from *Frank Leslie*, represents the Varuna's encounter with two of the rebel boats at New Orleans. The desperate fighting of the Varuna—sinking six vessels before she herself went down, and firing her last guns when the water was up to her deck—has seldom been surpassed. Even Paul Jones could have done no better. The following tribute by Mr. G. H. Boker, of this city, is well deserved:—

THE VARUNA.

Sunk April 25th, 1862.

Who has not heard of the dauntless Varuna?
  Who has not heard of the deeds she has done?
Who shall not hear, while the brown Mississippi
  Rushes along from the snow to the sun?

Crippled and leaking she entered the battle,
  Sinking and burning she fought through the fray;
Crushed were her sides, and the waves ran across her,
  Era, like a death wounded lion at bay,
Sternly she closed in the last fatal grapple,
  Then in her triumph moved grandly away.

Five of the rebels, like satellites round her,
  Burned in her orbit of splendor and fear;
One, like the pleiad of mystical story,
  Shot, terror-stricken, beyond her dread sphere.

We who are waiting with crowns for the victors,
  Though we should offer the wealth of our store,
Load the Varuna from deck down to keelson,
  Still would be niggard such tribute to pour
On courage so boundless it beggars possession,
  And knocks for just payment at heaven's bright door!

Cherish the heroes who fought the Varuna;
  Treat them as kings if they honor your way;
Succor and comfort the sick and the wounded;
  Oh! for the dead let us all kneel to pray.

BUTTER-CUPS IN BLOW.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

How well do I remember,
  When Maying we did go,
Our baskets filled with daisies,
  And butter-cups in blow.

What mattered it that sunshine
  Came lingeringly and slow,
Our hearts made sunshine as we culled
  The butter-cups in blow.

Oh! days of childish innocence,
  When life is all aglow,
Made up of golden fantasies,
  Like butter-cups in blow.

When to the heart of childhood
  Time comes with step too slow;
Their faith sees not beyond
  The butter-cups in blow.

Oh! many bright May mornings
  Have come and gone I trow,
Since first we filled our baskets
  With butter-cups in blow.

Many and sad the changes
  Which all must feel below,
Who start in life to gather
  Bright butter-cups in blow.

CAROLINE A. BELL.

THE ROSE-GERANIUM LEAVES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY AUGUST BELL.

CHAPTER I.

Ring, ring, at the front door bell,—a most unusual sound of an evening at our house. Norah, our little maid of all work, rushed to the up-stairs window, and came down again reporting "the most elegantest" young gentleman, standing on the steps. The gas light on the opposite side of the street shone full on the front of our house, and there was no doubt but he had had an equally good view of her. She declared she could not go to the door with her hair looking so, and her dress torn. So I must needs go myself. Who could it be? Some book agent probably, or drawing master, or something of that sort, and there was no use in making a fuss. So I stepped quickly through the hall, and opened the door. Mr. Arthur Holbrook!

"Good evening, Miss Lee," with a low bow, "you see I have availed myself of your kind permission to call."

Sure enough! a fortnight before a neighbor, a new acquaintance, one of those lively young girls who make good times wherever they go,—seeing me pass had called to me to come and spend the evening with her. I, wholly unused to society, had consented and gone. There I met several young ladies, some of them old schoolmates whom I had not seen since leaving the academy,—some of them strangers. Cards were produced. I had never learned to play, so merely looked on. Then we had games, blind man's buffet, et cet, in the midst of which the gentlemen began to arrive. As I was wandering about blindfold, most conscientious in never peeping out, a merry voice introduced "My brother, Miss Lee." I replied I know not what, and a moment after the handkerchief was caught from my eyes, and a quadrille was called for.

Lizzie Holbrook's brother claimed "the honor of my hand," and half bewildered I took his arm for one of the side couples. A lively tune began, and by the time I had recalled the almost forgotten figures learned in childhood, it was our turn to "right and left." My partner was an elegant dancer and most skillful in covering all my little mistakes,—he did not say much then,—but afterwards,—well, there is no use in going on to describe all the rest of that evening. All is, that this, the commonest of events to the rest, seemed like fairy land to me. It was so different from my lonely life at home, and I grew excited and longed to live always in the sound of music and glad voices.

Mr. Holbrook accompanied me home,—I had said good-bye to the girls; they probably would not invite me any more, and I grew desperate,—I must have some hold on this happy outer-life. So to my own great astonishment, as we paused before my door, I said, "Good-night, Mr. Holbrook, I hope you will find your way here alone sometime." He bowed and was gone.

But he has not been kept waiting at the door all this while. In a moment we were seated in our little parlor, where fortunately the lamp was burning brightly,—we were alone together, I and my first evening caller! Cards, music and dancing had been foreign elements to me,—but in conversation I felt at home, for I had spent all my life in reading and studying,—as for Mr. Holbrook, he was equal to anything. This was a sort of trial talk. I felt he was drawing me out and I was perfectly willing, so we easily glided from the surface trifles of conversation down to grave, real thought. Here sometimes our minds clashed, each astonishing the other with pet opinions and fancies; we became interested and excited. He had a peculiarly joyous, hearty laugh, and many a time I called it forth by some odd remark. I grew merry myself, and our quiet little parlor seemed transformed. He had travelled and lived abroad a great part of his life, and being very observing he had a rich fund of entertaining facts and memories: then, he was one of those who are forever having hair-breadth escapes, and coming out unharmed, his adventures were really fearful. Well, the evening sped away, and at eleven he rose to go; it was easy enough now to invite him to call again, and, thanking me, he departed.

For a long time that night, I walked up and down my room,—it was so new and pleasant. For two years I had lived alone with my father, a retiring, intellectual man, a disappointed genius, and I grew so strange in the solitude. It seemed hard to make an effort and go out among early friends to call and be one of them. My walks were solitary, my evenings spent alone: I studied, read, wrote, and mostly enjoyed it, but sometimes I longed for society, for human hearts, for the world, so wildly that it seemed as if I must become insane. Now there was a flash of light, an opening shone, and I determined not to lose it. Till Mr. Holbrook's next call, I busied myself in arranging our parlor, in fixing my dresses becomingly, and every day the vases were filled with fresh flowers, not the "crying colors" he had condemned, but delicatest white valley lilies, little rosebuds buried in leaves, snowdrops, and all white things.

Meanwhile, Nellie Lyon, the young lady at whose house we had met, called for me one day to walk with her. She was one who gets acquainted with everybody, a real little honey bee flitting from flower to flower,—flighty, graceful, affectionate, she was a general favorite, especially among gentlemen. From the moment she came, she rattled gaily on, and I listened amused, till by and by she said:

"And don't you think last night that hateful Arte Holbrook came to our house and woke me up, when I was having such a nice little nap on the sofa. He stayed till after eleven, and just see how he pinched my arm—he's so mean! I like all the fellows but him, and I wish he'd never come to our house. He don't do a thing either—just let's his father support him. Night before last he was at Luly Winter's to play cards, and I guess *she's* tired of him!"

I was rather surprised, but did not care much. Of course any one might see he was used to going everywhere, and adapting himself to his company; so much the better then, that with *me* he had talked *grandly*. I felt it as a compliment.

Well, he came again and again, and made my summer eventful. He brought me books, flowers, pictures, and gave them untold worth by his explanations, and the assurance that he had been thinking of me when away. One evening, speaking of antipathies and attractions, he said he had a horror of the rose-geranium, he had so often seen its leaves wreathed about the coffins of the dead; its fragrance always made him shudder with a sense of the charnel house. He did not say much, he evidently hated to speak of it, and his deep feeling impressed itself upon me.

The next time he came, a distant cousin of mine, Maude Vaurien, called in with a friend and stayed nearly an hour. I was glad, for Maude was no common girl, and I liked to have Arthur see what peculiar characters had fallen to my lot for associates and friends. Maude was not beautiful, but she was very witty, and had not the least bashfulness about saying all the smart things that came into her head. She was quite intellectual too, and but for her indolence would have been a formidable rival of mine in our school-days. Now she had grown to be a powerful, demanding sort of character, a real schemer, and I was ashamed of the suspicion which still would assert itself, that she was looking out for an eligible *parti*. She always had some one gentleman devoted to her, and I noticed that each successive one was a little higher up on the social scale, in wealth, or something of that sort.

Well, Maude and Arthur were quickly engaged in a war of words and sharp repartee, while I listened and laughed. I never excelled in witty sayings, and all my puns and bright thoughts came too late; but finally Maude left, and Arthur and I were alone.

"That's a splendid girl," he said; and I willingly assented, and went on to tell him her most pleasing qualities. Arthur stayed about an hour longer and then took his leave.

Next time we met it was at a little evening company at Lu. Winter's; Maude was there among the rest. I was getting into the society of our neighborhood, and enjoyed it heartily. Arte Holbrook came in while I was dancing, and as soon as I found a seat he was by me with a fan. He lingered around nearly all the evening, once in a while darting over to Maude with some witticism, and always getting as good as he gave. I did not care how attentive he was to me. I did not care that the others noticed us; there was not one of them equal to Arte.

At length the company began to disperse; as I was walking towards Lu Winter, I overheard Arte asking Maude if she had company home. She hesitated, then replied that she had. Arte accompanied me, but the pleasure of it was gone, for he had not chosen me first. He did not know that I had overheard him, and he was very kind and agreeable. But the stars that shone down upon us from Heaven, saw tears trembling on my eyelashes which Arte did not see, and there was a new pain in my heart, that he dreamed not of.

CHAPTER II.

We were all invited to a dance at Nellie Lyon's the next week, and Maude came over to consult with me about our dresses; she didn't know what to wear in her hair, whether to wear anything or leave it plain. Some of the girls were going to dress fancifully, so the utmost latitude was allowed us all in the exercise of our taste.

"Maude!" exclaimed I, as a bright serpent thought darted into my mind, "wear a wreath of rose-geranium leaves in your hair; it will be just the thing, and so becoming to the style of your head! Lilian Verny used to wear them in New York, and they were perfect." I could see she was pleased with the idea, the bait had taken.

All day Tuesday I worked at my dress. It was to be white over white, looped up with bunches of lilies, low neck, short sleeves, my scarlet opera cloak thrown round my shoulders, my hair in broad glossy plaits, with no ornament. My dress fitted exquisitely; I overheard Norah in the next room saying she never saw any one so beautiful in her life. It gave me such a thrill of delight; I had never thought much about my face before, unless to imagine myself commonly good-looking, nothing more. This was, in fact, the largest party I had ever attended, and it was a novelty to see myself in full dress. This evening I cared; I was so happy to be beautiful, for I had a victory to win. I looked into the mirror; would *he* admire me, would he, oh, would he *love* me? and as that thought passed through my mind, I saw my eyes in the mirror grow dewy and pleading in their brightness, and very beautiful. Oh, he would, he must love me!

But Maude, witty, sparkling, intellectual Maude! As I thought bitterly of her, I saw my face wear a cold and hateful look; it was a timely warning to me to be wary of all evil thoughts through the evening. The door of my room opened and Maude entered; we went together to the Lyons', and in their dressing-room I had my first full view of her as she threw off mantle and cloud.

"Oh, Maude," I exclaimed, as in despair, "you nymph, you woodland sprite! those leaves transfigure you, and show what Nature would have meant you for in the olden days."

And it was true, she had never looked so well in her life. She laughed a little, low, triumphant laugh, and I felt she meant to win all she could that night. But I did not tremble; the mirror told me I was looking gloriously beautiful, and I knew there was nothing about me hateful to Arte, for he liked white, and lilies were dear to him.

I went down full ten minutes before Maude—I saw she was trying to manage it so, and it pleased me well enough. I was so excited as I entered, that I saw, as in a dream, the gentlemen nearest the door springing forward to meet me with evident admiration.—Several whom I had not met before were introduced to me; but I cared for only one, one tall figure that merely bowed, my great one standing a little apart from the rest. I felt just as if he were waiting for Maude to enter before he devoted himself to any lady; perhaps it was not so, but my busy fancy decided it so at once.

The rooms were nearly full; it was a pretty sight, the girls were all dressed so gaily.—Some wore dresses of red, white and blue, with little liberty caps on their heads, perfectly bewitching,—Lu. Winter was one of these. Nelly Lyon was enveloped in a filmy tissue, sunshine color, with a splendid India scarf knotted about her waist. Two or three appeared in old style, minus crinoline, with deep collars and puffed hair; and one girl was resplendent in an orange silk shawl, embroidered with gorgeous Chinese flowers and birds! But after all, most had preferred to look simple and pretty, rather than fantastic. My mind was so full of its one idea, that I did not notice anything much, after Maude came in.

I knew she had come, when I saw him move rather quickly towards the door. Yes, there she was! She greeted him with some merry remark; he laughed, and for five minutes they flung lively, sparkling sentences at each other. I knew Maude well enough to know she was trying her best powers, but coolly I awaited the result. Yes, the charm worked! the smile gradually faded from Arte's lips, and a chilled, repulsed look crept over his face instead. It smote me, I could not bear to cause him a moment's unpleasantness. But, was it indeed all the geranium? Did such magic really dwell in the fragrant leaves? Or had the Evil One lent his own aid to lead me on to sin?

But it succeeded. Maude looked seriously at me, as Arte left her and came to my side. Ah! now he was for me! I could not help a grieved feeling that he sought her first, but that must not be, he was with me now and I must keep him. I did not plan how to do it at all; but as he sat by my side, his handsome eyes looking into mine, my whole soul rose up and willed him to stay by me. I grew so happy near him that I know happiness sounded in my very voice and laugh; he, poor fellow, who had seen just enough of the world to be touched with scorn and weariness, he was fascinated, he grew happy himself, and the rare sweet smile played on his lips all for me!

Then my words became fewer; I felt so strong the longing cry of my heart, "Love me, oh, do love me." And then suddenly I realized that my eyes were gazing into his with that dewy, pleading look; that he saw it, and it was sweet to him.

All this while fortunately we were seated in a corner of one of the parlors, while a set of dancers, sweeping and circling around, effectually screened us. As the music ceased, Maude passed us, led by an officer in uniform to a seat by the window; the geranium wreath still encircled her brow, and its fragrance floated around her. Arte said, "Your friend, Miss Maude, is quite an eccentric young lady. I find I did not understand her the other evening. She is one of those 'smart young ladies,' and I think is pretty well satisfied of that fact; don't you think so?"

I nodded; but strangely enough, while the stratagem of the geraniums just suited me, it seemed downright mean to try to supplant any one by talking against them when they did not know it. Yet I would not praise her, so I laughed and said,

"Sometimes I like her ever so much, and sometimes not at all; so, Mr. Holbrook, please not talk to me about her now, for I am not liking her very well to-night, and should do her injustice."

He looked laughingly in my face,—"Upon my word, you are a very frank young lady; don't you know that language was given you to *conceal* your thoughts?"

Just then more sets were formed; and we took the floor. Oh, I do love to dance! the music, the quick, graceful motion, the bright light, the warm grasp of hands, and beautiful faces flashing in and out the changes,—all fascinate me! It don't matter who one's partner is much, provided he does not blunder; I do not realize individuals at all when dancing. In the next set was Maude with Lieutenant Raymond; we nodded and smiled in the pauses. I think we both thought we could afford to be magnanimous.

The music stopped. Nellie Lyon came up as we were going to a seat.

"Geraldine, Lieutenant Raymond is coming to be introduced to you in a minute, you'll just have time to make your mouth look pretty with 'papa, potatoes, prunes, and prisms.' I'm dying of jealousy. Mr. Holbrook, don't be so monopolizing! won't you please be a fourth at that whist table? Lu. Winter wants a partner."

He bowed and was gone—foolish fellow!

"Miss Lee, permit me to introduce to you my friend, Lieutenant Raymond."

John Lyon's black eyes flashed a quizzical glance at me, and then he vanished.

Lieutenant Raymond, Harry Raymond, there our acquaintance began. There was nothing wonderful about him, unless you may call wonderful a happy genial earnest nature looking you full in the face from honest eyes. At first he seemed to me almost like a boy in his evident enjoyment of the evening, and his happy-hearted laugh. It would have been unkind to be ceremonious with him, and we were soon chatting gaily. He was not skilled in all the little refinements of gesture and expression, he was frank almost to rudeness sometimes, only you could not think of such a thing, because *he* evidently did not. We were of course that evening merely new acquaintances, mutually pleased perhaps. After awhile he left me, and I saw him in a moment devoting

himself to one of the "wall flowers," a pale, quiet young lady, who seemed rather out of her sphere.

Apropos of "wall flowers," how often of an evening have I worried myself about them, fearing they were not having a pleasant time, and wondering if I could help them in any way. I know more about them now. Some are timid about moving around and laughing and talking, and they would be happy looking on from their corners, if people would only let them alone and not try to draw them out—people, I mean, who have not tact enough to conceal their good-natured purpose. Others of these quiet "wall flowers" I have an awe of—they sit still and look right through you; they seem to realize all the time what the rest of us do at intervals—how small all these things are in the calm light of eternity. Some of them are good and true, and a few words with them will insensibly give you higher, better thoughts—but some are so cynical withal they give one the unpleasant impression of being a mere automaton playing for their amusement. But Annie Milton was neither a timid observer, nor a philosopher—she was simply a conscientious, high-minded girl, not caring much what others thought of her conduct so long as it pleased the angels. She did not play cards, because she thought it wrong in our social companies to familiarize young men with the sight and touch of them, thus making it easier for them to yield to the temptation of gambling when alone together. She did not dance, because she knew how a great many Christians look upon it, and she respected their opinion.

This suited Harry Raymond; he had a tendency towards self-denial and asceticism in his merry, kind heart. As I looked at him I could not help thinking of Guy in the "Heir of Redcliffe," and afterwards, when I knew him better, the resemblance did not fail.

Suddenly I became aware that Arthur Holbrook was standing near. I looked up—his eyes were turned towards Maude Vaurien, and there was a look of hardness and sarcasm that pained me. Could I not exorcise it? I spoke to him—I forget what I said, but he looked down at me with such a changed face and smile, that even now my heart thrills with a sweet sense of happiness in remembering it.

The evening was ending. I saw Maude in the hall, all cloaked and hooded, passing out; she gave me one look; my evil imagination likened it to the dull, deadly stare of a serpent, and it was very wicked in me to think such a thing about little Maude, my playmate and companion from childhood.—But the evening had passed—I had conquered.

CHAPTER III.

It was a month after that evening, Maude had gone for a visit to a neighboring city.—My house was "left unto me desolate," after a fashion, for I seldom had any calls now, and I had not seen Arte for a week, which was a century in my calendar. Somehow, lately, whenever he came, our conversation always managed to chance upon Lu. Winter and her manifold perfections.

This day Lu. came to spend the afternoon with me, and I took her up into my own room. Like the Englishman's house, my room is my castle, and there are very few whom I like to see in it, looking at my pictures, handling and borrowing my pet books, brushing the down from my plume, and the gold from my butterflies' wings. But Lu. moved about there as if she had a right, and finally she sat down by the window, her pure young face, with its delicate sea-shell blush, looking so pretty in the mellow sunlight that came filtering down through the vine leaves and the muslin curtain. Lu. was a pearl—she was always so modest and graceful, always doing and saying the right thing in the right place. Her little enthusiasms were so pretty, her sympathies so quick and unselfish,—she was a perfect little darling! I just stood a moment admiring her, and felt myself a wild, untamed thing at her side.

Lu. proposed we should take turns in sewing and reading aloud; so, as her dainty little bit of embroidery was already produced, I took a book to read to her. It was an old number of the "Atlantic," the one containing "Life in the Iron Mills," that sad, powerful history. Of course it would be almost sacrilege to compare my feelings with those of Hugh Wolfe, trying vainly to read Life's riddle, but I felt terribly in the spirit of it as I read. For at this time I was very much depressed; father was every day growing more embarrassed in his business; life was a constant struggle with us; Arte had not been near to transform it with the happy excitement of his presence; my sweet hopes and dreams seemed carried far out of reach, and I saw no way of getting free from "these bonds." So I read with the power and expression of my whole soul; and when I finished, Lu. was looking at me, pale, almost frightened.

"Geraldine, darling, what *do* you mean?"

"Why, little rose-bud, what do *you* mean? Did you ever ask Booth such a question, after seeing him as Hamlet? Can't I be Hugh Wolfe for an hour as well?"

"So it was only acting? but I am so sorry you *could* do it; it frightens me for you!"

But I laughed all that away, till she blushed at her own thought, for it was wrong to make her look at darkness—her, the world's pet. I looked at her, so quiet, so lovely and winning, and felt how different I was, with a volcano of repressed longings in my heart.—Dear little Lu.! it was impossible life could have any bitterness for *her!*

"Now, Lu., *you* must read, and I will not work, but lie here on my buffalo robe, and shut my eyes and see pictures of what you read."

"Your buffalo robe! you odd girl! Who ever heard of such a thing? But what a splendid thing it is! father would give anything to have it for his sleigh!"

"Sleigh, indeed! no, it has higher uses!—My uncle out West sent it to father, and father gave it to me. For I had read a story somewhere about a splendid woman, and when the world broke her heart, she locked herself up in her room and slept on furs and took opium, till she killed sorrow; then she came out a beautiful cold statue of a woman. So I thought I would have a fur all ready for the days to come," I said, laughing; "but really, Lu., sometimes I sprinkle perfume all around, and throw myself on my buffalo, shut my eyes and dream I am in the enchanted gardens of the East; or in an Indian jungle, faint with the sweetness of its flower-laden creepers, and its lotus covered pools. Only I am sure at last to fancy myself caught by a tiger, or a gorilla, or something awful, and that's the end of it."

"Oh, you're splendid!" said Lu.; "if Vivien had only been good, I should believe you were Vivien, and had learned spells from Merlin."

"*Good!*" I answered, "I wish I were good!"

"You know you are a good darling, or if you don't, I do," she said. "I mean to stay with you all night. I know fairies come and dance over your pillow and sing to you, now don't they?"

"Sometimes, but they won't dare to come if you are here, for you're sweeter and better than all the fairies in the world, Lu!" I could not help saying that, she looked so radiant and pretty.

By this time she had chosen her book.

"I am going to read Elaine to you," she said. "I never knew how beautiful it was till last evening when Arte Holbrook was at our house, and he read it to me."

So she began to read. I sat in a maze, thinking only of her last words. Arte had been there; Arte read poetry to her; Arte loved her, he could not help it. And I, what was left for me! I had wanted love so much, but it was all in vain. Oh, it seemed cruel and unkind, that Lu., who had so much, should take my one little ewe lamb of happiness from me. But I could not struggle against her; it did not seem like Maude, for I knew Lu. was pure and good, and would make Arte so happy if he loved her. But, oh, it was so hard, and for a long time as Lu.'s sweet voice read on, unconscious of me, I was struggling and praying for strength to make that great sacrifice for her. I choked down the wild, despairing sobs; I was compelled to control myself: I shudder to think how it would have been, had I been alone that hour! But finally I was quiet,—I wondered at myself as I lay there, and watched Lu.'s face, and heard her voice dropping music. Well, it was all right; I should know what it meant sometime; God would take care of that, and now if He willed me a life of self-denial and toil, and to others' happiness, still it was all right. I would "suffer and be strong;" I would find beauty in it somehow.

And now for the first time I became conscious of the words Lu. read.

"Sweet is true Love, though given in vain, in vain;
And sweet is Death, that puts an end to pain:
I know not which is sweeter, no, not I."

That would do for Elaine, but I was never an Elaine. Yes, it was sweet to love; I would not have lost the love out of my life to be free from all the pain it gave; but I did not want to die. No! I felt strong; I would live for others, would do so much good. I would try to set things right in my little sphere, so that no one should live unhelped, unappreciated. And so I planned, and made capital for joy out of my sorrow, till Lu. finished and looked at me, the light in her eyes sad and beautiful like the dying rays of the sun.

She did not say a word; she came to me and kissed me, and we went down to tea together. Could Lu. read hearts?

After tea we were sitting in the front door together in the moonlight, when Arte Holbrook suddenly appeared, Lu. gave a little cry of joy, and Arte seemed so pleased to see her. I did not say much, I felt as if I were acting queerly, but Arte did not seem to notice it.

"Come, girls," he said, after a while, "my boat is down at the wharf,—let's have a sail. There is a broad track of moonlight right across the river, and the waves are like molten gold."

I rushed in for shawls and hoods, and off we went. In a few minutes we were out in the midst of the glory on the waters. Arte was rowing; Lu. sat directly before him; I was further off, in the end of the boat. I leaned over the side and looked down into the beautiful, unresting waves. I never could tire of looking at the water, and I always had implicit belief in mermaids. So I looked and looked, and fancied myself Undine, afloat with Bertalda and Hildebrand—and pitied myself accordingly. Then I looked at Arte; he was changed since I first knew him, the old, scornful expression never lingered upon his face now, he looked so strong and so happy—my king! My heart felt a sudden pang as Lu.'s sweet, bright face shone between us in the moonlight, and I turned to my sympathizing waves again.

"Look out, Undine," cried Arte; "see what a bracelet the mermaids are reaching up to you!"

There, almost under my hand, lay something sparkling on the waves. I lifted it up out of them. It was an exquisitely cut amber bracelet, and flashed like living eyes as I turned it over in the light. Upon the clasp of singular ancient gold was engraved Geraldine, in old German text.

It was like a miracle! I felt bewitched, while Arte and Lu., laughed merrily at my bewilderment. They voted I should keep it, and said it was a special gift from the fays.

"I begin to feel frightened," said Lu., still laughing; "the spirits of air and water are all alive around us, and it is getting chilly, too. Let's go home!"

So landward we sailed—Arte's rich tenor voice ringing over the waves:

"Oh, which were best?
To roam or rest,
The land's lap or the water's breast,
To sleep on yellow lily leaves,

"'Or millet sheaves!' which is it?" he said, and sprang ashore.

I came out last, and he looked earnestly in my face as he helped me to land, carefully, tenderly, almost as if he loved me, I thought, and a strange sense of happiness crept into my heart, but only for a moment, for he turned into the road that led to my home first, and that showed plainly enough which one he wanted to be alone with the most.

CHAPTER IV.

The next day was misty and sorrowful; the rain was somewhere up in the sky poised like Mahomet's coffin, and hid the sun from our faces. I awoke with a desolate feeling in my heart, went down and gave father his breakfast silently and sadly, thankful that he was too engrossed in his own affairs to notice me. After breakfast I wandered out into the streets with a desperate feeling that something must happen to make me happier. At length turning into one of the poorer streets, I saw Annie Milton coming out of a miserable little house some distance down, and before I could overtake her she had entered another. I walked slowly past and heard Annie's voice.

"I am sorry to see you suffer so, Frances. I do wish I could make your pains easier."

"Thank you, Miss Annie, but it is all right. I could not spare a single pain. It *would* be terrible,—but God knows just what I need."

I passed out of hearing; but in a moment turned and went by the house again. Annie was reading:

"Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee,
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me!"

Was that it? was that the clue I had been groping for? For a moment I was lifted above sorrow and saw the glory of suffering. Oh, I would be so good now. I should know how to comfort people now. I even thought if other things failed, I could enter some asylum, some hospital, and devote myself to the burdened hearts there. I had been longing too much for earthly happiness; I had tried too hard to win it, but that should be so no more!

I emerged from the narrow street, and entered a broad, beautiful avenue, so near does poverty, the shadow of wealth, ever follow at its feet!

"Oh, Gerald, Gerald Lee," called Nellie Lyon, from her window, "come here a minute! where *have* you been this doleful day? *Did* you see Harry Raymond just now? There was the *most splendid* young officer with him, a stranger! They both looked up and Harry tipped his hat so beautifully! Arte Holbrook just came out of Lu. Winter's door; I guess he rather likes her, calling so early. Come in, won't you?"

Nellie rattled on, her pretty face full of fun and mischief; but I could not stay—I did not feel like Nellie just then.

I went home, up into my own room; there lay my buffalo-robe mocking me for my jesting words of the day before, but I did not care. It was pleasant up there, the sun was just breaking from the clouds and smiled in at me. There lay my books, my treasures, a perfect world of delight, and I thought how I would read and study in the quiet days to come, I would make my father's life happier, and be gentle and kind to every one. Annie Milton should be my dearest friend, and—

I could not keep on; the amber bracelet lay coiled up before me on the table with its "Geraldine." I had scarcely remembered it before,—how vividly now it brought back last night to my heart. Oh, it was so beautiful to live out in the happy world, and know people like Lu. Winter and Arte, to meet them every day. How could I give it all up and live alone and unloved! I just threw myself down in an agony of tears, but I had not time to indulge them, for Norah knocked at my door, and said Mr. Holbrook was in the parlor.

Arthur! how could I meet him! I asked Norah if the curtains were drawn, and she said "yes," so I bathed my face, tried to look calm and dignified, and went down.

Arte sprang to meet me.

"Why, Geraldine, what is the matter? what has happened to you?"

This unexpected greeting spoiled my calm "good-morning," and I couldn't speak.

"Won't you tell me, darling?" he said. And now his eyes looked into mine. I could not mistake that look, loving, longing, pleading. A sudden joy leaped up in my heart, self-sacrifice and denial, solitude and quiet, all were swept away. I forgot Lu.—forgot heaven and earth. Oh, Arte, you had no reason to ask what was troubling me any more.

Instead of that he told me what I scarcely heard in the joy of reading it in his eyes, how I was the long-sought, long hoped for happiness of his life. And when at last, he asked how much he was to me, what could I do but tell him the whole truth?

The sunshine crept through the closed blinds, wearing in and out among the lilies on the carpet; it sparkled on the amber bracelet which I wore.

"Arte, thank you for this amber!"

"Why, Undine, the sea nymphs brought that to you, didn't they?"

"I was just bewitched enough last night to believe so, but now, oh, Arte, there is no beautiful thing in my life that is not owing to you."

But what Arte said then, and what I said, and what we both said for the next hour, no one shall ever know but just we two! At length with a sudden start of recollection, I exclaimed—

"Oh, what will all the girls say, Arte?"

"Why, my dear little Geraldine Lee, Mrs. Grundy will be perfectly delighted! I don't know but Lincoln himself will send a note of congratulation. But arn't you sorry it didn't happen a month ago? we shall only be one-third as important now, for two other engagements are announced to-day."

"Whose? Oh, do tell me, Arte!"

"Lu. Winter is one. Why she must be a very prudent little damsel! I supposed of course she had told you all about it in her yesterday's confidences. He is a fine young officer, a great friend of mine. I had a message from him to give her last night, and this morning I went to tell her he was coming up in the boat with Harry Raymond."

"Oh, Arte! and I have had such a dreadful time. I thought *you* loved her—I was sure of it last night."

He looked at me with the profoundest astonishment, and I hastened to change the subject.

"Well, who are the other couple, Arte?"

"Annie Milton and Harry Raymond."

"Why, she has only known him this summer! and only last week she told me she meant *never* to be married!"

"Ah! that sounded suspicious! I should have known she was just on the point of accepting some one. Well, each one is good enough to deserve the other, and that is saying a great deal."

"More than can be said for us, Arthur?"

"Yes, darling, I'm not one-tenth part good enough for *you!*"

"Oh, Arte, it is I that am not good enough for you. You don't know how wicked and selfish I have been. I made Maude wear the rose-geranium leaves that night so that you would hate her."

"Why, you witch! you did, did you? Oh, if I had only known you cared! But you need not have tried any charm, Geraldine—you had won my whole heart long before."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 7, 1862.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

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THE WAR.

The tide of events in war is liable to such frequent changes, that speculation upon the minor details is more or less uncertain and useless.

Beauregard has evacuated Corinth! Where his troops have gone, at the present writing is not known—at least to the Northern public.

Why he evacuated we can only surmise. It probably was to avoid a decisive battle.

McClellan has interposed his right wing between Richmond and Fredericksburg, thus enabling him to form a junction with McDowell if desirable, and breaking the direct link between Richmond and the rebel forces in the Cumberland valley.

We think that if good strategy is practised and rapid marches are made, the rebels who have recently chased Banks beyond the Potomac stand a good chance of being caught themselves by either Fremont or McDowell.

As to Richmond, a battle or an evacuation, one would think, can hardly be delayed much longer. We are not able to perceive how Richmond can be evacuated, and the war still be maintained by the rebels on Virginia soil for twenty years, which Jeff. Davis asserts to be the case—neither can we perceive how evacuation after evacuation can take place without greatly impairing the *morale* of the rebel army and people at large. We should think that two evacuations were about equal to a defeat; but probably the rebels think differently.

THE ARMSTRONG GUN.

Since the publication of the article in last week's Post upon this subject, we have perused an article in the current number of an English periodical, *Temple Bar*, which is nearly as severe upon Sir William Armstrong as is our American contemporary, the *Scientific American*. "*Temple Bar*" says:—

We find no fault with Sir William Armstrong for his manner of dealing with the public prior to his becoming a public servant; since then, much. As well as the Government or ourselves, *he knows that not even at the present moment has he surmounted the defect of breech gas leakage in his heavy ordnance: yet, failing that candor which should belong to a scientific man, he fences with the fact.* As well as ourselves, he knows that the projectile of every Armstrong gun yet made, whether large or small, fails in initial velocity, as demonstrated by Navet's electric target; and that he *dare* not increase the initial velocity by using a heavier powder-charge. As well as ourselves, he knows that, because of mechanical difficulties encountered (difficulties that he has not known how to surmount, and which we believe to be insurmountable,) *he has virtually abandoned the Armstrong gun proper,*—the Armstrong by definition,—the gun on behalf of which Sir William gained his honors; and concerning which we English boasted far too much. He knows as well as we, that the "shunting system," as denominated by him, whatever its merits (and they have not been demonstrated,) is so utterly different from the Armstrong system proper, that adoption of the latter is tantamount to abandonment of the former. As well as ourselves, he knows that certain highly colored reports relative to the performance of a smooth-bore muzzle-loader at Shoeburyness last month which the *Times* newspaper in its ignorance called an Armstrong gun, *furnish the strongest confirmation that could be adduced of the total break down of the system which he inaugurated, and which the Times maintained to have succeeded.* As well as ourselves, he knows that subsequently to the recorded experiments of that smooth-bore gun, when the *Warrior* target was perforated, *the same gun has been discharged at another target, designed by the Royal Engineer, and made at Mare's factory, on which occasion the target was not perforated. This important fact has never come out in the newspapers;—Who has kept it back?* A cavalry charge is often made to cover a retreat. Sir William has made his cavalry charge, and when the dust his troopers have raised shall clear away, Sir William will be seen a long way in the rear.

"*Temple Bar*" further alleges that when tested in the recent war in China, the Armstrong guns proved a complete failure; on one occasion, 24-pound howitzers proving far more efficient!

When it is considered that our British cousins not only have expended a great deal of breath relative to these "wonderful" guns of Armstrong's, but have expended the solid gold and silver to the extent, it is said, of $15,000,000, it cannot be wondered that the more sensible of them should begin to find fault when they perceive that the vaunted gun is simply a great and expensive failure. As "*Temple Bar*" says:—"The piece of ordnance that at Shoeburyness discharged round balls of 150 pounds with forty and fifty pounds of powder respectively, *is a muzzle-loader and unrifled. To call it an Armstrong gun, and to expect the public to acquiesce in that denomination, is, we fancy, to assume a greater amount of public credulity than the issue will make apparent.*"

Our readers will also note the fact, alluded to in the above extract, that after the perforation of the *Warrior* target at Shoeburyness, about which such a suspicious outcry was made in the *London Times*, the smooth-bore was tried on another target, and *failed to perforate it.* We expressed at the time our doubts that the same result would follow a similar experiment on this side of the water. The recent affair on James River, where the Monitor was invulnerable to the same balls which pierced the thinner sides of the Galena, goes to prove what every one would suppose to be the case, that an iron turret or cupola can be made so thick that no ball can be thrown to pierce or shatter it. A whole vessel cannot be plated with such a thickness of metal, however, owing to the fact that there is a limit to the weight which any vessel can carry.

NORTHERN VS. SOUTHERN ENDURANCE.

In relation to the comparative ability of Northern and Southern troops to withstand the effects of a Southern summer, the following facts as to the campaign in Mexico are interesting:—

In the medical statistics of the army from 1837 to 1854, transmitted to Hon. J. D. Bright, President of the Senate, by Jefferson Davis, Secretary of War, July 28, 1856, on pages 609 and 621, will be found a statement showing the power of endurance of a South Carolina and a New York regiment, respectively. South Carolina First Regiment, 1,034 men, campaign of 1847, 18½ months' service, loss by disease, 509; New York Second, 1,078 men, 17¼ months' service, loss by disease 276. From this comparison of a Northern regiment with a Southern one, in a hot country campaign, it appears that the Southern regiment lost by disease very nearly twice as many as the New York regiment in about the same length of time, and the loss from all other causes was one-third less to the Northern than to the Southern regiment.

We are inclined to think that the above inference is correctly drawn. For the first season especially, we think that the natives of a Northern climate can bear Southern heat better than the Southern born. And it is a mistake to suppose that the Southern states are universally unhealthy during the summer months. The mountain regions of the cotton states probably are as healthy during the warm weather as the greater portion of the North. In conversation with an intelligent Southern planter several years ago, he ridiculed the common Northern idea that the planters left home mainly on account of health. He said that the true reason was that, living alone on their plantations, their families longed for a change of scene, and for the gay society of the watering-places. This brought them in such numbers to the North, where the change of scene and of society was greatest. He said that no part of the Union was healthier than the hill-country of the Southern states.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

The following flattering pen and ink portrait of the President of the United States is taken from a recent number of *Macmillan's Magazine*, an English periodical:

To say that he is ugly, is nothing; to add that his figure is grotesque, is to convey no adequate impression. Fancy a man six feet high, and thin out of proportion; with long bony arms and legs, which somehow seem to be always in the way; with great rugged furrowed hands, which grasp you like a vice when shaking yours; with a long scraggy neck, and a chest too narrow for the great arms at its side. Add to this figure a head cocoanut-shaped and somewhat too small for such a stature, covered with rough uncombed and uncombable hair, that stands out in every direction at once; a face furrowed, wrinkled, and indented as though it had been scarred by vitriol; a high narrow forehead, and, sunk deep beneath bushy eyebrows, two bright, somewhat dreamy eyes, that seem to gaze through you without looking at you; a few irregular blotches of black bristly hair in the place where beard and whiskers ought to grow; a close-set, thin-lipped, stern mouth, with two rows of large white teeth, and a nose and ears which have been taken by mistake from a head of twice the size. Clothe this figure, then, in a long, tight, badly-fitting suit of black, creased, soiled, and puckered up at every salient point of the figure (and every point of this figure is salient;) put on large, ill-fitting boots, gloves too long for the long bony fingers, and a fluffy hat, covered to the top with dusty, puffy crape; and then add to all this an air of strength, physical as well as moral, and a strange look of dignity coupled with all this grotesqueness, and you will have the impression left upon me by Abraham Lincoln.

There is a trifling omission in the above—the writer forgot the President's horns—which are long and curved, and on one of which the President frequently hangs his hat, when his head gets too warm; a small flag, the stars and stripes, always streaming from the other. These horns, of course, add to "the strange look of dignity coupled with grotesqueness" which the writer alludes to.

SHILOH.

Beauregard, in his official report of the battle of Shiloh or Pittsburg Landing, recently published, states that his loss was as follows:—Killed, 1,728; wounded, 8,012; missing, 959: making an aggregate of 10,699. He puts the Union force at 45,000 on the first day, and 53,000 on the second day. He says that his own force on the second day was only about 20,000 men.

He claims to have captured large quantities of provisions, ordnance, &c., the first day—but could not remove them to his rear, owing to the approach of night, and the fatigue of his men. He says nothing of the permanent capture of cannon, so that it is evident he lost all in the second day's fight which he took in the first. As to his real numbers, as he lost, according to his own statement, over ten thousand men, it is probable that he took at least 50,000 into the fight on Sunday, and drew in what further numbers he could for Monday.

There is no doubt that neither party had much to brag of, as the result of the battle of Shiloh. Still, as the rule is that the party which holds the ground has the right to claim the victory, Shiloh undoubtedly must be classed as a victory for the Union troops, and a defeat for the rebels.

NORTH CAROLINA.—The North Carolina correspondent of the *Philadelphia Press*, under date of May 23d, says:

From certain unmistakable circumstances, within the last few hours, the war in the department of North Carolina is over. General Burnside is now in consultation with a committee at a point within the State, and we predict a complete restoration of the "Old North State" within the pale of the Union within one month. Mark that prediction. There will be no advance for some time.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE C. S. A. AND THE BATTLE OF BULL RUN. By J. C. BARNARD, Major of Engineers, U. S. A., and Chief Engineer of the Army of the Potomac. 8vo, pp. 136. New York: D. Van Nostrand. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

LES MISERABLES. FANTINE. A Novel. By VICTOR HUGO. Translated from the French by CHAS. E. WILBOUR. Published by Carleton, New York; and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Phila.

MEMOIRS OF THE LIFE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART. By JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART. New Edition. Vols. V. and VI. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston; and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Phila.

THE MASTER. By MRS. MARY A. DENISON. Published by Walker, Wise & Co., Boston; and for sale by Willis P. Hazard, Phila.

OPEN AIR GRAPE CULTURE; AND THE MANUFACTURE OF DOMESTIC WINE. By JOHN PHIN. Published by C. M. Saxton. New York; and for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

THE STOLEN MASK. By WILKIE COLLINS. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros. Phila.

THE TWO PRIMA DONNAS. By GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada.

SHE IS COMING!

With the sunshine, and the swallows, and the flowers,
She is coming, my beloved, o'er the seas!
And I sit alone and count the weary hours,
Till she cometh in her beauty back to me;
And my heart will not be quiet,
But in a "purple riot,"
Keeps ever madly beating
At the thought of that sweet meeting,
When she cometh with the summer o'er the sea—
All the sweetness of the South
On the roses of her mouth,
All the fervor of its skies
In her gentle Northern eyes,
As she cometh, my beloved, home to me.

☞ A good story is told of Commodore Farragut. Before the bombardment of the forts below New Orleans, the commanders of the English and French vessels of war near at hand, had desired to communicate with them. This was agreed to. After the foreign captains returned, they informed Captain Farragut that it was useless for him to attempt to take the forts—that no wooden vessels afloat could reduce them or pass them. Farragut replied:—"I was sent here to make the attempt. You may be right, but I came here to take New Orleans; to pass the forts; and *I shall try it on!*"

☞ THE PETTICOAT.—The Empress Eugenie, having set all the world by the ears over crinoline, it is said has now invented a new style of petticoat. It is made of cambric muslin, six yards at the widest point, and is flounced, frilled and hemstitched, like a pocket-handkerchief, so as to put it out of the reach of sewing machines and render it exclusive. Crinoline, we suppose, has become too common.

☞ The following incident of the battle of Shiloh is related by an eye-and-ear witness. Two Kentucky regiments met face to face, and fought each other with terrible resolution; and it happened that one of the Federal soldiers wounded and captured his brother, and after handing him back, began firing at a man near a tree, when the captured brother called to him and said, "Don't shoot there any more!—that's father!"

☞ ENEMIES.—No one has more enemies in the world than an upright, proud and sensible man, disposed to take persons and things for what they really are, and not for what they are not.

EVACUATION OF CORINTH.

NEAR CORINTH, May 30.—Gen. Pope's advance, the 39th Ohio regiment, occupied Corinth at 6.40 this morning, and planted our flag on the court house.

The enemy evacuated his position last night, retreating down the Mobile and Ohio Railroad.

NEAR CORINTH, May 30.—To the Hon. Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War:—Gen. Pope's heavy batteries opened upon the enemy's entrenchments yesterday, about ten o'clock A. M., and soon drove the rebels from their advanced battery.

Major General W. T. Sherman established another heavy battery yesterday afternoon within one thousand yards of their works, and skirmishing parties advanced at daybreak this morning.

Three of our divisions are already in the enemy's advanced works, about three-quarters of a mile from Corinth, which is now in flames. The enemy has fallen back of the Mobile Railroad.

SECOND DISPATCH.

Our advanced guard are in Corinth.

There are conflicting accounts as to the enemy's movements. He is believed to be in strong force on our left flank some four or five miles south of Corinth, near the Mobile and Ohio Railroad.

[Signed) H. W. HALLECK,
Major-General.

A very large amount of railroad iron was left untouched. There being some twelve or fifteen tracks of railroad running from the depot to the entrenchments, with side tracks and switches, the enemy was enabled to move off with great rapidity.

From all information that can be gleaned from the prisoners taken, it is thought that the evacuation was commenced at sundown last night, the enemy retreating in three directions, east, west, and south. Prisoners say that the enemy left last night for Okolona, Mississippi, a point sixty-seven miles south of Corinth, on the Mobile and Ohio Railroad.

Beauregard stated to the citizens of Corinth last night that he intended to throw himself on both our flanks.

Our cavalry are seeking for the enemy. The force sent from Gen. Pope's command came upon and dispersed the enemy, eight miles below Corinth, on the Mobile and Ohio Railroad, while in the act of burning the bridge at that point. Forty prisoners were captured.

The enemy's rear guard destroyed the railroad depot at Corinth, and a church, and intended to destroy the entire village, but the inhabitants saved some fifty of the houses. A few bales of cotton were consumed. They also broke open many of the stores and burned the contents.

A large force of U. S. cavalry, under Col. Elliott, was sent out on Wednesday morning by a circuitous route, to destroy a bridge on the Mobile and Ohio Railroad, south of Corinth. Though this expedition has not yet returned, we learn from the prisoners that it was known in Corinth last night that a large bridge had been destroyed 40 miles south by a body of our cavalry.

They also state that one of the 20-pounder Parrott shells fired from Gen. Pope's column in the fight yesterday exploded in their camps, killing eighty men and a hundred horses, and that a 30-pounder Parrott shell thrown into Corinth as an experiment, by Gen. Pope, destroyed a locomotive and killed its engineer.

It is thought among military men that the destruction of the bridge south of Corinth, the uncomfortable proximity of our falling shells, and the possibility of Federal success on the Mississippi were the causes of the evacuation.

The enemy's works were certainly of very great strength, and capable of a stout resistance.

The Official Account of the Reconnoissance Near Corinth on Wednesday.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF MISSISSIPPI, CAMP ON CORINTH ROAD, May 28.—To the Hon. E. M. Stanton, Secretary of War: Three strong reconnoitering columns advanced this morning, on the right, centre and left, to feel the enemy and unmask his batteries. The enemy very hotly contested his ground at each point, but was driven back with considerable loss. The column on the left encountered the strongest opposition. Our loss was twenty-five killed and wounded. The enemy left thirty dead in the field. Our losses at other points are not yet ascertained. Some five or six officers and a number of privates were captured. The fighting will probably be renewed to-morrow morning at daybreak. The whole country is so thickly wooded that we are compelled to feel our way.

H. W. HALLECK, Major-General.

PEPPER FOR SOLDIERS.—A gentleman who saw and conversed with several of the wounded soldiers who arrived from Newbern a few days since, says that they told him that pepper would be one of the most acceptable and best things that could be sent by friends to the soldiers, and one that has not been thought of. Pies and rich cakes are so injurious, that many Generals forbid their being eaten, but pepper is an excellent preventative of diarrhœa, which is prostrating large numbers in the warmer climate. One of the soldiers was a veteran in the Mexican war. He stated that a liberal use of pepper had been found very useful to prevent this disease, and that he had wholly escaped by the use of it in North Carolina. It is not provided by the Government, and can only be obtained of the sutlers at exorbitant prices. The soldiers advised all who send articles to the soldiers to put in a supply of pepper. It is put up in tin boxes holding a quarter or half pound each; the soldiers punch holes in one end, and thus make pepper castors.

Foreign News.

European advices to the 22d ult. have been received by the steamship City of New York. A statement was made in the House of Commons that a rivalry existed in Washington between the English and French Ministers. This statement was contradicted by Lord Palmerston. Earl Russell, on submitting the new treaty with America on the slave trade to the House of Lords, bore testimony to the efforts of President Lincoln's government to put a stop to the traffic. The Bank of England has increased its minimum rate of interest to three per cent. Cotton and breadstuffs had fallen in price. Provisions were dull. On the Continent the diplomatic relations between Hesse Cassel and Prussia have been suspended.

Mexico.

The steamer Orizaba brings news from the city of Mexico, via Acapulco, to the 8th ult. On that day the French army commenced retreating from before Puebla towards Amozoa. It appears that there had previously been some fighting.

The following is the despatch announcing the news to President Juarez:

"PUEBLA, May 8.—Word was received at the city of Mexico on the 7th P. M. that we have triumphed.

"The French has since commenced retreating. We offered them battle this morning, forming our troops in front of their camp, but they refused to accept our challenge, and have turned their backs to their foolish hardihood and unpardonable credulity.

"Please receive the compliments of General Sarn Gasa and myself. Yours, forever,

(Signed) IGNACIO MIGL"

GENERAL BANKS'S RETREAT.

Copeland, Assistant Adjutant General to Banks, gives the following explanation, under date of the 26th:—

"For three months, General Banks has been working at every disadvantage to reclaim to us the lovely valley of Virginia; to strengthen those who are for us, and to subdue and govern our enemies.

"Three weeks ago to-day, he was, with sixteen thousand men, at Harrisonburg, one hundred miles from his present position, holding twenty thousand of the enemy at bay, ready in one day more to move suddenly on their flank and crush them. Fremont was ready to occupy Staunton, whence fifty thousand men would have rushed victorious upon Richmond.

"The day for the movement to commence our death-knell was sounded; 10,000 men were ordered from him for Gen. McDowell to protect Washington, and Banks, with six thousand, sent back fifty miles to Strasburg—a little handfull of men to face twenty thousand.

"Slowly we fell back, and most reluctantly, disputing the road with the enemy, conscious of the great emergency, but ready to die to protect the people who had learned to trust in us—with the enormous duty of protecting a railroad seventy miles long between Strasburg and Manassas and the great Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.

"Cumbered with the sick and baggage of the 10,000 ordered away, with a train of wagons seven miles long, which had been necessary for us, who were on no lines of railroad, or no navigable rivers to furnish our supplies, we have slowly yielded to the force of circumstances.

"I was sent to Washington and Baltimore to ask for aid, meagrely and tardily granted, because our troops are nearly all in the field, and this morning we have the sad knowledge that this three months of labor, of the extent of which you cannot conceive, is undone. That, humiliated, sorrowful but courageous and earnest still, we have been compelled to return to Maryland, to leave traitorous men and stony-hearted women exultant over the sad sight. They have seen, as they hoped, the backs of the Yankees.

"Do you wonder that under all these disadvantages, Major General Banks, with his handful of six thousand men, have had to retreat before twenty-five thousand of the enemy?

"Is it strange that he is driven back?—What could have been expected? Thank God the disaster is no worse! Thank God that your Second Regiment is still left to fight for the flag! But, for God's sake, realize the position!

"When our army marches victorious through an enemy's country, they go like Christian warriors, seeking to relieve the wounded enemies they meet, to restore confidence to the trembling women and children in the towns and hamlets and scattered farm-houses, rebuilding bridges and restoring to the people the comforts and security of civilized life.

"The enemy follow our trail like hell-hounds. At Ball's Bluff they shot prisoners in cold blood. At Bull's Run they cut the heads off dead men—here shooting from behind fences, bayoneting the sick and wounded by the wayside, and making it their boast that they have killed a Yankee. An unscrupulous enemy, that will lose no opportunity for treachery and outrage."

INTERESTING INFORMATION.

The Yorktown correspondent of the Evening Post has had conversations with rebel officers who are now prisoners, relative to various matters of importance, of which the following is the substance:

The reason assigned for the delay of the rebel Government to publish the official account of the battle of Manassas, was that the rebel Generals did not wish to disclose the rebel strength at that battle, which was much less than was represented. Besides, the force at Manassas was designed simply to menace, and, by tending to keep a large Federal army at Washington, hinder operations on our part West and South. And the rebels won the battle so dearly, that it would have given encouragement to the Federal army to report the loss of that of the rebels.

If the battle of Manassas had been fought on Thursday, the Federal troops would have won it. The great error we fell into, was allowing Johnston to reinforce Beauregard.—We fought the battle by regiments, while the rebels met us by brigades and divisions.—Besides, the rebel officers say, if the front of the enemy had been pressed by us, the battle was ours, as it was very weak by reason of continued reinforcements being sent thence to the left which was so hard pressed by our right. Our soldiers, the officers say, fought gallantly, but they were not commanded.

The reason assigned for the evacuation of Manassas, was that *the rebel generals knew as early as February*, that Gen. McClellan designed sending a large part of his force by water to attack Richmond, and it became necessary to concentrate all the rebel force at that place. The evacuation took place secretly, as the Confederates knew that they could not fall back on Richmond so speedily as Gen. McClellan could reach it by water.

It was the fear of our taking Gloucester Point, and running troops up York river in gunboats, who would have caught the Confederates at Yorktown in the rear, which caused the evacuation of that place so suddenly.

According to the statements of the officers alluded to, the "last ditch" is in the vicinity of Richmond.

BATTLE OF HANOVER.—Gen. McClellan telegraphs to the Secretary of War that the battle of the 27th, at Hanover Court House, resulted in a complete rout of the enemy. It is stated that we have taken 500 prisoners, and more are coming in. The loss of the enemy is set down at 1,000. Our men buried 100 of their dead. Our loss is 379 in killed, wounded and missing, of which 53 were killed.

The forces opposed to us were principally from North Carolina and Georgia. The prisoners from the former state express themselves very tired of the war. They also say that their defeat will have a demoralizing effect on the rebel army.

Hanover Court House is about 18 miles north of Richmond, on the Virginia Central Railroad, and about 10 miles south of the junction of that road with the Richmond and Potomac. McDowell recently made a reconnoissance in the direction of this junction, the possession of which is all-important to the rebels to hold their communication open with Gordonsville and Charlottesville, which they can only reach, by rail, by the circuitous way of Lynchburg, should the junction be lost.

☞ It is considered a well-established truth that battles are decided not so much by the number of men killed and wounded as by the number scared.

☞ Stupid people may eat, but should not talk. Their mouths may do well as banks of deposit, but not of issue.

☞ Can a man who has been fined by the magistrate again and again, be considered a *re-fined* man?

NEWS ITEMS.

PROSPECTIVE TROUBLES.—Late advices from San Francisco state that one regiment, five companies, and one battery were ordered to Salt Lake.

ON the 17th of June the people of Illinois vote on the adoption or rejection of the new State Constitution proposed.

AT Baltimore there are about 10,000 United States troops. Federal Hill, alone, has about forty guns mounted, most of which are 8-inch Columbiads.

HOW CORINTH IS TO BE TAKEN.—A correspondent of the Cincinnati *Gazette* writes that Gen. Halleck is reported to have said that he confidently expects to take Corinth without losing over a hundred and fifty men. Strategy is to do the business.

IT is estimated that over three hundred thousand troops have offered their services to the government since Monday. This shows the patriotism of our people.—*Washington advices of Wednesday.*

THE debts of the principal nations of Europe are as follows in round numbers:

England, 1861,	$4,237,000,000
Funded debt of France, 1861,	1,964,000,000
Austria, 1860,	1,468,000,000
Italy, 1861,	411,000,000
Russia, 1861,	412,000,000
Turkey, 1861,	207,000,000

On the 19th instant the national indebtedness of the United States was $565,000,000.

THE rebels are reported as having occupied Martinsburg with a strong force. Two railroad bridges, on the Baltimore and Ohio road, have been destroyed by them. The Baltimore and Ohio railroad runs trains only as far as Harper's Ferry.

AN ESTATE WORTH NINETY-SEVEN TONS IN GOLD.—Thurlow Weed, in his last letter from Holland, speaks of an estate soon to be divided which is computed to be worth ninety seven tons in gold. The estate was left ninety-two years ago by a miser, the profits for one hundred years to go to the erection of suitable buildings for aged and indigent females of good repute; and in the establishment and maintenance of a philosophical and scientific institution for the instruction of youth and the benefit of all classes. These profits have been so applied, and now, in eight years, the estate is to go to the heirs, who are one hundred and twenty in number, and, of course, will come in for about five-sixths of a ton of gold each.

THE number of Union troops now at New Orleans, and the immediate neighborhood of the city, is not far from 20,000, the health of which, at last accounts, was very good, and measures were being taken to have it so continue.

JOHN DREW, the comedian, it is said, died from tripping his foot in the carpet, and striking his head against a wall. The dinner festival in his honor was to have occurred on the very afternoon and at the precise hour he died.

THE municipal regulations in New Orleans punishes with imprisonment in the calaboose women of the town found in the streets after nightfall, or conversing from the windows with persons outside. This probably is the punishment menaced by Gen. Butler on the insulters of the Union troops.

THE new steam sloop-of-war Adirondack has just been completed at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, and is expected to make her trial trip next week.

OF the army of the Potomac on the Peninsula, between 10,000 and 15,000 have been put *hors du combat.*

ON the 27th ult., the New York Lieut. Worden Testimonial amounted to $6,623 27.

THE Atlanta (Ga.) Confederacy recommends arming the negroes to fight the Yankees. The editor is a flaming rebel.

THERE are thirty-nine applications for divorce on trial in the Court of Cuyahoga county, Ohio. Only four of the applicants are males.

THE Charleston papers state that four Federal vessels shelled Coles, Goat and Kiawah islands on the 20th. The Confederates retired after burning their quarters, &c. Coles Island is twelve or fifteen miles from Charleston.

THE CONFISCATION BILL.

The Confiscation Bill, which passed the House in Congress on Monday week, provides simply that all persons found in the civil, military, or naval service of the so called Confederate States, shall have their property, real or personal, subject to seizure and forfeiture to the United States. The bill also provides at length for judicial proceedings in the premises, and finally authorizes the President to issue a proclamation calling on all rebels to return to their allegiance, which, if they fail to do in sixty days thereafter, all the property of all who still persist, whether in arms or not, is subject to confiscation. All amendments to the bill affecting slaves of rebels were defeated. Provision is included for the benefit of loyal creditors, so that the latter may reclaim the amount of their debts after the rebel property has passed into the hands of the Government. The Senate has yet to act on the bill.

The bill was passed by a vote of 82 yeas against 68 nays.

The House next proceeded to the consideration of the bill reported from the Select Committee to free from servitude the slaves of rebels engaged in or abetting the existing rebellion against the Government of the United States.

This bill was rejected—yeas 74, nays 78. A motion was passed the next day to reconsider, and the bill then postponed for a time.

AMUSING ANECDOTE.—A newspaper correspondent says:—

Warrenton is the county seat of Farquhar county, Va. We found Gen. Ferry's brigade encamped there.

Warrenton is bitterly Secesh. It was for many months a favorite resort of the officers of the rebel army encamped at Manassas, and in its graveyard lie many of the slain at Bull Run. This division paid its first national visit, and a number of the prettiest women attempted to be scornful toward the heroes of Winchester, until they found that scorn only excited merriment, when they became more genteel. An Ohio soldier, on the patrol guard, was pacing to and fro in front of one of the residences, a lady and her two daughters sat on a balcony just over his head. As I was passing, one of the daughters leaned over the balustrade, and addressing the young soldier, said—

"I wish you would go away. It is obnoxious to have a Yankee in front of our house."

The sentinel lifted his cap and replied—

"If you cannot act like a lady, I will act like a gentleman."

The retort was cutting, and the mother seemed to feel it keenly. She peremptorily ordered her daughter to shut her mouth.

☞ Hooke had a receipt of his own to prevent being exposed to the night air. "I was very ill, some months ago," he said, "and my doctor gave me particular orders not to expose myself to it; so I come up every day to Crockford's or some other place to dinner, and I make it a rule on no account to go home again till about four or five o'clock in the morning."

☞ Even the sun hasn't an unspotted character.

REBEL ESTIMATE OF THE STRENGTH OF HALLECK.—(*Special Correspondence of the Memphis Appeal.*)—Halleck's muster-rolls called for 61,000 men in the original expedition up the river. Of these, after deducting the missing, the sick, and such as were detailed on other duty, he was able to bring 45,000 upon the field. To these is to be added Buell's command of 25,000, which makes a total of 70,000. Deducting, now, the 25,000 put *hors de combat*, and Halleck has left to start anew with an army of 45,000 men, all told, making no allowance for sickness.

To these he has since added Pope's command of 20,000, which brings his number up again to 65,000, and no more; for whatever reinforcements he may have received, in small detachments, from other sources, have been more than outnumbered by the sick.—From all we can hear, the rotten limestone water of the country in which they are encamped has proved very unwholesome, and made many whole regiments quite unfit for duty.

THE REASON WHY.—It appears that McDowell demanded the late reinforcements which were supplied from the command of General Banks, the withdrawal of which has created so much public alarm and excitement. The former was about to march on Richmond and join forces with McClellan.—The rebels became aware of his purpose, and threatened to attack en masse, hoping to defeat and capture his forces by thrusting upon it the whole rebel army. The danger was imminent and admitted of no delay. Banks might retreat, but McDowell could not. The President is vindicated by the circumstances of the case for the movement which has proved so unfortunate. McDowell has proceeded towards Richmond, and his pickets are now mingling with those of McClellan.—*N. Y. Sun.*

A KISS.

Apollo kissed her, till the tingling blood
Of that long, breathless, eager passionate kiss
Left their lips white. *With that he went his way.*
—*Thomas Ashe.*

☞ LOSS OF COLOR.—It is singular how rapidly some young gentlemen from the country lose their color, when visiting large cities. They go there very green, and invariably come away done very brown.

☞ Self defence is the clearest of all laws; and for this reason—the lawyers didn't make it.

☞ SECESH POETRY.—A secesh girl thus writes to her cousin, who is a prisoner at Camp Morton, Indianapolis:

"I will be for Jeffdavis till the tenisee river freezes over, and then be for him, and scratch on the ice:—

"Jeffdavis rides a white horse,
Lincoln rides a mule,
Jeffdavis is a gentleman,
And Lincoln is a fole."

☞ Cosmos, Duke of Florence, said:—"It is commanded that we should forgive our enemies; but nowhere are we recommended to forgive our friends."

☞ The surrender of Norfolk was rather a sheepish affair:—Mayor *Lamb* surrendered to Gen. *Wool*, and the *ram* Merrimac was blown up.

☞ "Mamma," said a promising youth of some four or five summers, "if all people are made of dust, ain't niggers made of coal dust?"

☞ John Bannister, the comedian, was presented to an old lady proud of ancient and noble blood. The lady asked a wit of the day, who was present: "Who are the Bannisters? Are they of a good family?" "Yes," said the wit: "very good, indeed; they are closely connected with the Stairs." "Oh!" said the lady, "a very ancient family of Aryshire—dates back to 1450; I am delighted to see your friend."

☞ Hearing a physician remark that a small blow will break the nose, a rustic standing by exclaimed: "Well, I dunno 'bout that. I have blowed my nose a great many times, and I have never broke it!"

☞ If an editor omits anything, he is lazy. If he speaks of things as they are, he is mad. If he glosses over, smooths down the rough points, he is bribed. If he does not furnish his readers with jokes, he is a mullet. If he does, he is a rattlehead, lacking stability. If he condemns the wrong, he is a good fellow, but lacks discretion. If he lets wrong and injury go unmentioned, he is a coward. If he reproves a public man, he does it to gratify a spite—is a tool of a clique, or belongs to the "outs." If he indulges in personalities, he is a blackguard; if he does not, his paper is dull and insipid.

☞ Suspicion was the inventor of a lock and Trustfulness of a latch-key.

☞ A 4-inch plank 107 feet long was recently sawed in a mill in Oregon.

☞ What you dislike in another take care to correct in yourself.

☞ The New York lawyers complain of very dull times at the bar, and say not fifty out of the three thousand there are making a living.

☞ Geo. F. Train's tramways—horse railroads—are being constructed in Switzerland. They are the first on the Continent, barring a small one-horse affair in Paris.

☞ The great, in affliction, bear a countenance more princely than they were wont; for it is the temper of highest hearts, like the palm-tree, to strive most upward when it is most burdened.—*Sir Philip Sydney.*

☞ A young officer writing from Norfolk says, after sleeping in brooks, and ponds, and swamps, it really seemed good to lie down on the paving-stones.

☞ Colley Cibber once went to visit Booth at a time when he knew he was at home; but he was told by a servant that he was not at home. Soon after, Booth called on Cibber, who opened a window and told Booth that he was not at home. "What do you mean?" asked Booth. "Why, that I believed your servant the other day," retorted Cibber, "and you ought to believe what I say to-day."

☞ A celebrated Bibliopolist is responsible for the following:—Why was King David part sheep and part fish? For answer, see the last 4 verses of the book of Ruth.

☞ A young lady who lately gave an order to a milliner for a bonnet, said:—"You are to make it plain, and at the same time smart, as I sit in a conspicuous place in church."

LATEST NEWS.

FIGHT ON THE CHICKAHOMINY.

REBELS ATTACK McCLELLAN.

Casey's Division Give Way and Lose Their Guns.

REBEL GEN. PETTIGREW AND COL. LONG CAPTURED AND MANY PRISONERS TAKEN.

HEAVY LOSSES ON BOTH SIDES.

The Rebels Renew the Contest on Sunday But are Again Repulsed.

RECAPTURE OF FRONT ROYAL.

A RAPID AND DARING EXPLOIT.

FROM CORINTH.

THE WAR IN ARKANSAS.

MISCELLANEOUS, &c.

WASHINGTON, June 1.—The following despatch was received at the War Department this afternoon:

FROM THE FIELD OF BATTLE,
June 1st, 12 o'clock noon.

To the Hon. E. M. Stanton, Secretary of War:

We have had a desperate battle, in which the corps of Generals Sumner, Heintzelman and Keyes have been engaged against greatly superior numbers. Yesterday at one o'clock the enemy, taking advantage of a terrible storm which had flooded the valley of the Chickahominy, attacked our troops on the right flank. Casey's division, which was in the first line, gave way unaccountably, and this caused a temporary confusion, during which the guns and baggage were lost; but Generals Heintzelman and Kearney most gallantly brought up their troops, which checked the enemy, and at the same time succeeded by great exertions in bringing across Sedgwick and Richardson's divisions, who drove back the enemy at the point of the bayonet, covering the ground with his dead.

This morning the enemy attempted to renew the conflict, but was everywhere repulsed.

We have taken many prisoners, among whom is Gen. Pettigrew and Col. Long.

Our loss is heavy, but that of the enemy must be enormous.

With the exception of Casey's division, the men behaved splendidly.

Several fine bayonet charges have been made. The 2d Excelsior made two to-day.

Signed, GEO. B. McCLELLAN,
Major General Commanding.

The Battle on the Chickahominy—The Scene Viewed from a Balloon—An Aerial Telegraph Station.

WASHINGTON, JUNE 1.—During the whole of the battle of this morning, Prof Lowe's balloon was overlooking the terrific scene from an altitude of about 2,000 feet. Telegraphic communication from the balloon to Gen. McClellan, and in direct communication with the military wires, was successfully maintained, Mr. Park Spring, of Philadelphia, acting as the operator. Every movement of the enemy was obvious and instantly reported.

This is believed to be the first time in which a balloon reconnoissance was successfully made during a battle, and certainly the first time in which a telegraph station has been established in the air to report the movements of the enemy and the progress of a battle. The advantage to Gen. McClellan must have been immense.

Recapture of Front Royal.

WASHINGTON, May 31.—A dispatch received this morning at the War Department states that a brigade of our troops, preceded by four companies of the Rhode Island cavalry, under Maj. Nelson, entered Front Royal yesterday morning at 11 o'clock, and drove the enemy, consisting of the 8th Louisiana, four companies of the 12th Georgia and a body of cavalry.

We captured six officers and one hundred and fifty prisoners. Among the officers are Captain Beckwith West, of the 18th Virginia; First Lieut. Gemmell of the 8th Kentucky; Lieut. J. D. Dickson, of the 12th Georgia.

We recaptured eighteen of our troops taken by the enemy at Front Royal a week ago, among whom are Major W. F. Collins, 1st Vermont cavalry; George H. Griffin, Adjutant, 5th New York cavalry; Lieut. Burges, 5th New York cavalry, and Frederick Farr, Adjutant, Maryland infantry.

We captured a large amount of transportation, including two engines and eleven railroad cars.

Our advance was so rapid that the enemy was surprised, and, therefore, was unable to burn the bridge across the Shenandoah.

The loss of the enemy is not yet ascertained, but is said to be large, as our cavalry cut in among them in splendid style.

Advance of our Cavalry Beyond Martinsburg.

BALTIMORE, May 31.—A dispatch just received here says Colonel De Forest, with his regiment of the Ira Harris Cavalry, has advanced beyond Martinsburg, and reports this morning, that Col. Kenley is at Winchester, wounded.

WASHINGTON, May 31.—A dispatch from Gen. Banks to the Secretary of War states that the Fifth New York Cavalry, Col. De Forest commanding, entered Martinsburg this morning, and passed several miles beyond, where they encountered the enemy's cavalry and captured several prisoners, a wagon load of muskets and ammunition, and an American flag.

NEW YORK, June 1.—A special dispatch, dated Harper's Ferry, to-day, says:

All is quiet here. The rebels have evacuated Martinsburg and Charlestown.

The damage by the rebels to the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad is trifling. The road can be put in operation to the Ohio river within two days.

The Union refugees in large numbers are returning to their homes.

From Corinth.

CORINTH, May 30.—It is now ascertained that the evacuation commenced the night before last. The enemy were retreating southwardly until the railroad bridge was burned, when they went to Grand Junction, and from thence south by the Memphis and New Orleans Railroad.

It is ascertained that Van Dorn had a band of Indians under him.

Col. Jackson reports finding the road for several miles strewn with knapsacks, haversacks, arms and canteens, showing great demoralization. The woods are full of stragglers, who are being brought in as fast as possible. Probably from two to three thousand have been brought in, and almost the entire 13th Louisiana are now within our lines, from those who deserted and the captured.

Dispatch from Gen. Halleck.

WASHINGTON, MAY 31.—The following dispatch was received this morning at the War Department:—

HEADQUARTERS, CAMP NEAR CORINTH,
May 30, 1862.

To the Hon. E. M. Stanton, Secretary of War:

The enemy's position and works in front of Corinth were exceedingly strong, and he cannot occupy a stronger position in his flight.

This morning he destroyed an immense amount of public and private property, stores, wagons, tools, &c. For miles out of the town the roads are filled with arms, knapsacks, &c., thrown away by the flying troops.

A large number of prisoners and deserters have been captured, estimated by Gen. Pope at 2,000.

Gen. Beauregard evidently distrusts his army, or he would have defended so strong a position. His troops are, generally, much discouraged and demoralized. In all their engagements for the last few days their resistance has been weak.

(Signed,) H. W. HALLECK,
Major-General Commanding.

The War in Arkansas.

OCCUPATION OF LITTLE ROCK BY U. STATES FORCES—GOVERNOR AND LEGISLATURE IN RETREAT—SURRENDER OF VICKSBURG, MISS.

CAIRO, May 31.—A refugee from Arkansas arrived here from the fleet to-day. He says that Little Rock has been fully occupied by the United States troops, and the citizens that remained there were decidedly loyal to the Union.

The Arkansas State Legislature had scattered. Governor Rector had fled from the State, and is now at Jackson, Mississippi.

Vicksburg has surrendered to the United States fleet.

Miscellaneous.

GEN. DIX has gone to Fortress Monroe to take command there, vice Gen. Wool, who takes command in Baltimore. The four female traitors, Mrs. Greenhow, etc., arrested at Washington, have been released, and have gone to Norfolk.

THE inland passage from Roanoke Island to Norfolk is open.

NEARLY 2,000 citizens of Norfolk have taken the oath of allegiance.

IT is reported that Petersburg is to be evacuated by the rebels.

OUR troops have been welcomed at Pensacola. Billy Wilson occupies the residence of S. R. Mallory, rebel Secretary of the Navy.

THE offices of Mayor, Recorder and Chief of Police of New Orleans have been assumed by some of our military officers until loyal citizens can be found to discharge the duties.

THE Bank of Commerce, of New Orleans, has reopened its doors, but refuses rebel shinplasters.

MOST of the 11th New York regiment, (German,) which arrived at Harper's Ferry last Saturday, refused to be sworn in. The whole regiment was rejected.

A REBEL river boat, loaded with 900 bales of cotton and 200 barrels of rosin, was captured in Mobile bay on the 24th ult.

MILITARY Governor Viele visited the British war steamer Rinaldo on Friday, and was courteously received.

FOUR hundred and eighteen released Union prisoners arrived at New York on Saturday.

A REBEL deserter reports that there are 1,500 rebel artillerists garrisoning Fort Wright.

MOST of the rebel gun-boats above Memphis have been abandoned on account of the scarcity of coal.

A GENERAL order has been issued in Missouri by which all guerillas and maurauders caught in arms and engaged in their unlawful warfare, will be shot down on the spot, and any one aiding the outlaws or failing to assist the military authorities of the state in detecting and bringing them to punishment, will be treated as aiders and abettors of the rebellion.

LATER.

THE GREAT BATTLE ON THE CHICKAHOMINY.—FORTRESS MONROE, June 1.—According to the statements of prisoners brought down by the boat from White House, the object of the rebel attack on Saturday, upon the left flank, was to reach the river, and thus cut off our communication. This was the purport of the address made to the rebel troops before leaving Richmond.

THE VICTORY INCREASING IN IMPORTANCE.—WASHINGTON, June 2nd.—Dispatches of an unofficial character received from the Headquarters of the Army of the Potomac, say that the importance and dimensions of our victory increase as they are hourly developed.

FROM CORINTH.

Gen. Halleck telegraphs on the 1st:—

"It gives me pleasure to report the brilliant success of the expedition sent out on the 28th ult., under Col. Elliott, in command of the Second Cavalry.

"After forced marches, day and night, through a very difficult country, he finally succeeded in reaching the Mobile and Ohio Railroad, at Booneville, at 2 o'clock A. M., on the 30th. He destroyed the track in many places both south and north of the town, blew up one culvert, destroyed the switch and track, burned the depot and locomotives and a train of 26 cars loaded with supplies of every kind, destroyed 10,000 stand of arms (small), three pieces of artillery, and a great quantity of clothing and ammunition, and paroled 2,000 prisoners, which he could not keep with his cavalry.

"The enemy had heard of his movements, and had a train of box cars and flat cars, with flying artillery and 5,000 infantry, moving up and down the road, to prevent him from reaching it. The whole road was lined with rebel pickets.

"Col. Elliott's command subsisted upon meat alone, such as they could find in the country through which they passed, for several days.

"For daring and despatch this expedition has been distinguished in the highest degree, and entitles Col. Elliott and his command to high distinction. Its results will be embarrassing to the enemy, and contribute greatly to their loss and demoralization.

"He reports the roads full of small parties of the retreating enemy scattering in all directions.

"(Signed) JOHN POPE, Major-General."
H. W. HALLECK,
Major-General Commanding.

FURTHER PARTICULARS.

GEN. HALLECK'S HEADQUARTERS,
May 31st.

Our cavalry found all the tents of the enemy standing, took hundreds of barrels of beef, and 7,000 stand of arms, in a large encampment on the Memphis and Ohio Railroad, said to have belonged to Price and Van Dorn's forces, deserted by them on Thursday night.

The rebels are being brought in in squads of from forty to fifty. Our cavalry found the rebels on several roads, in strong positions, with artillery supported by infantry.

The rebels commenced moving their sick last Monday.

☞ The Secessionists insist that there is no Union. Well, if a dead Union can raise six hundred thousand soldiers, and win such battles as Mill Spring, Fort Donelson, Fort Henry, Winchester, Pea Ridge, Pittsburg, Williamsburgh, West Point, and a score of others of less note, what is there upon earth that a live Union couldn't do?

SELMA.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

She sits beneath the palm trees,
And leans on her little hand;
A rose among the roses
Of Syria's glowing land.

Goldenly gleams the ocean,
Rosily blush the skies;
She questions the sail-sown billows
With beautiful Houri eyes.

Turn away from the billows
Those loving and longing eyes!
No more shall the sail of thy lover
Swell under Orient skies!

Pale in a calm, cold slumber
He lies by the Polar main;
The ghostly gulls around him
Unto the wind complain.

FANNY MALONE RAYMOND.

A SUNDAY MORNING'S LESSON

"Oh, dear! Sunday morning is the busiest and most wearisome morning of the whole week. I rise earlier than usual, but with five children to prepare for Sunday-school, and dinner to lay out, and myself to prepare for church, I declare, it's too much." Such was the desponding exclamation of Mrs. May, as she closed her book, while three little ones entered the room in riotous, childish haste, calling on mamma "to get them ready for Sunday-school."

"Oh, well, wife, I wouldn't worry," said Mr. May, who with faultless shirt-bosom and collar, white stockings and slippers, was very comfortably reclining in an easy chair, reading his religious newspaper. "I wouldn't worry; why can't the children dress themselves?"

"It's very easy for you to say so," was the quick, and, we are sorry to say, rather short reply. "That's just as much as men know of a woman's work. *You* have nothing on earth to do on Sunday morning but dress yourself ready for church, and wait and read till the bells ring. Dress themselves! a pretty looking set they would be if they dressed themselves! Come here, Charlie, and let me brush your hair."

Mr. May returned to his paper very calmly.

"Emily is not usually so fretful," was his mental conclusion. "Perhaps she does not feel very well: at all events I can do nothing, and had better keep quiet."

But the little ones were bounding round at a great rate, making that noise and confusion that all children will make, especially if they are in a hurry.

"Mamma, where are my shoes?" "Mamma, I can't tie my frock." "Please brush my hair, mamma," seemed to resound on all sides, in the ears of the hurried mother, as she vainly attempted to meet all their wants at the same moment. She really did not feel very well, and, somehow, she had struck an unhappy and morbid train of thought on this particular morning. She knew that she was disposed to be fretful and unreasonable, but she lacked strength to check and control herself; perhaps she forgot to appeal for strength to that Source from whence it ever flows freely.

The little ones were not half ready, when another presented herself at the door, looking quite surprised at the hurry.

"Ella, why are you not preparing for Sunday-school?" demanded the mother. "Don't you know it is almost time?"

"I was reading my Sunday-school book, and forgot what time it was."

"That is like you. You are always forgetting and loitering. I believe you would never be ready for school, if I did not watch you. Put your book away, and dress yourself."

The happy face of the child was clouded in an instant; she had been reading a beautiful story, and was in a happy and gentle mood, but the words and tone of the mother dispelled it, and she slowly and unwillingly laid it aside. Mrs. May noticed this, and while in her heart she felt that she was at fault, and while she knew that she ought to check and control her temper, by a strange inconsistency that we all experience, at the very moment that this conviction was forcing itself upon her, it seemed only to aggravate and increase her vexation.

"Mamma, may I have this handkerchief?" cried Charlie, turning round from a drawer into which he had been diving.

"Let me see; you have my very best handkerchief, and you have rumpled it all up. Who told you to go to my drawer? Did I ever see such children?" And Mrs. May thrust the handkerchiefs back, and locked the drawer.

"Oh, mamma, I can't wear this dress! You know, I tore it last week, and you forgot to mend it." It was Ella who was speaking.

Mrs. May jerked the dress around very ungraciously.

"I never saw such a child to tear clothes as you are; I ought to make you stay at home. Why didn't you mend it yourself, or bring it to me yesterday?"

"You know, mamma," pleaded Ella, "that I did want to mend it, but you said I could not, and yesterday you had company."

"Well, I suppose you will have to wear your blue *de laine*, but I expect nothing else than that it will be torn to pieces before you get home."

The impatient and fretful spirit had infected all the children; and by this time Charlie and Nannie were quarrelling about a tumbler of water, each declaring that water was indispensable at that immediate moment. It ended by spilling the water over Nannie's clean, white dress.

Mrs. May gave them each a slight tap on the ear: it was nothing in itself, but they thought it was dreadful, so unusual was it, and both cried and screamed as though they had received the severest punishment.

"Hush, this instant, or I will punish you severely," exclaimed Mrs. May, setting Nannie hard down on a chair. "I have enough trouble to work for you all, without having such a clamor. Do you hear?"

Mr. May had taken occasion to slip out of the room. He did not like noise and confusion, especially on a Sunday morning. This Mrs. May noted, and it did not serve to soothe her.

"Little trouble he has about it. I wonder what the children would look like, if he had charge of them? I suppose they might look like little Hottentots, for all the difference it would make to him."

Similar expressions of impatience, similar tones and looks, were continued throughout the hurried toilets of the children, so that by the time they were dressed every little face was clouded, all were in a bad humor, and more than one little face was wet with tears; and when, finally, the last bonnet was tied, and the last cloak or shawl fastened, Mr. May entered with the inquiry—

"Why in such a hurry? It's too early by half an hour."

"Oh, mamma, I shall have time to look for my Sunday-school book. I am sure I laid it down in this room when I came in," said Ella.

What was it that made Mrs. May, instead of granting the request, say, shortly,

"No; I said you should not hunt for it any more; you must learn to have a place for your books?"

Ella began to cry:

"But, mamma, I can't get another until I return that one, and I want one to read this afternoon."

"Not another word! Go out to the sitting-room, every one of you, and wait until it is time to go." And the mother opened the door, and waited till the room was vacated, and then closing it, she sat down. She was far from happy. She heard the children quarrelling over something in the sitting-room, and she mentally exclaimed, "I am the cause of this. I am the one who should be reprimanded and punished. Can I expect my children to control their tempers, and be amiable and good, when I am so easily overcome?" Then arose an evil apologist: "I was so tired—I wanted a little rest so much—I wanted to get a few moments to read in peace—to meditate in quiet." "Nay," answered the better monitor, "is it not of more importance that those little souls who are given to your keeping and charge be led gently and tenderly—that they have a good example set before them—than that you should meditate? And, after all, what is the ultimate end of reading and meditation, if it be not to prepare you to fulfill faithfully all these little duties, as well as the greater ones of life?"

Mrs. May was convinced, but she was not yet ready to acknowledge her error or make reparation. She heard the children start off for the Sunday-school; they usually wished her "good-bye," but no such kind wishes were made this morning. She watched them as they went up the street, and thought how she had untuned all the joyful little hearts, and aroused evil passions therein—thought how ill-suited was their frame of mind to receive religious instruction. "Miserable and weak mother that I am!" she exclaimed, "I deserve that my little children be taken from me."

A few moments had passed, when she heard the front door open, and the clatter of little feet. Her heart gave a sudden bound, and she sprang to the door, to meet there the most forlorn and frightened set of little faces. Ella stood in front, holding up to view her dress, torn half across the front, and soiled with mud; the explanation was easy—she had fallen, and the dress was almost ruined.

"Why, Ella, how in the world?"—and then she checked herself.

"Indeed, mamma, I couldn't help it," said poor Ella, tears standing in her eyes; "the streets are so slippery, and I was leading Charlie and Nannie."

"Well, well, take off your dress, and put on this one. I think you will still be early enough. That dress is so thin, I don't wonder it is torn. Did you hurt yourself?"

"Oh! no, dear mamma, but I was so sorry about my dress, thank you, mamma." How different were the child's words and tones from a few moments before!

"There, now, it's all right again; here's your shawl—and here, I found your Sunday-school book. Now you are all ready again."

What a transformation! Mrs. May could hardly refrain from tears. How happy and glad looked all the little ones, as they smilingly contended for the last kiss! "Good-bye, mamma"—"good-bye"—echoed back in loving, happy tones from the little group that now were dancing up the street in such contrast to that of a few moments before. Oh, the sweet forgiveness and innocence of childhood! They dreamed not that they were the offended, instead of the offenders.

Mrs. May turned from the window, and began to prepare for church. "It is not alone from books and sermons that lessons are to be learned," thought she, and the tears stood in her eyes. "May God grant that I may long remember the lesson I have learned this morning, that 'he that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city.' I have seen how my words and actions extend to and influence my children. May I not only teach them henceforward by precept merely, but by example, to be tender and kindly affectioned one to another; and never, never may I chafe and fret their young spirits by my own harshness and fretfulness."

☞ In illustration of a curious effect of injury of part of the brain, causing the injured party to see but one-half of a thing, Dr. Abernethy cited his own case, saying that in reading his own name he could see as far as the *ne*, but couldn't see the *thy*.

☞ Tears are not always the sign of a kind or sympathizing heart. The infamous Jeffries was easily moved to their indulgence.

IS HE STINGY?

FROM AN ENGLISH PERIODICAL.

Wife. Edward Garrett is as good a man as lives; kind to me; kind to the children; a little absent, perhaps; reads books and papers when he should be talking; still a good man. *But then*, he is so stingy.

Uncle Ludovic. Stingy! why, you and your children, and all, seem quite comfortable.

Wife. If we do, thanks to my clipping, darning, and cheese-paring. Why, there isn't a rag or an old bone lost in this house.

Uncle. I'm glad to hear of it.

Wife. So you may, for extravagance is a fearful thing; but then you know there's a medium. It is one thing to be a miser, and another thing to be a spendthrift. Now, Edward is miserly, and I've told him so more than once.

Uncle. And what does he say?

Wife. He stares at me, shaking his head, or groans. Just look here, Uncle. What is the use of money; is it not to live on? We can't take money to the grave with us; we must have the comforts of life; we must be neighborly; we must have a house of the same kind as other people's; we must dress, give parties, eat, drink, have summer lodgings, and educate our children as other people do. Nay, don't sneer, Uncle; you know I am speaking good sense.

Uncle. You are doing nothing of the sort!

Wife. Well, you needn't look so ill-natured. You men say that we women can't argue.

Uncle. Neither you can.

Wife. So you say.

Uncle. Well, Maria, my dear, let us try if you can conduct an argument. What is the proposition that you are prepared to defend?

Wife. This simple, clear one, that people must live like their neighbors.

Uncle. Admitted that people must live. *Quoad ultra* denied.

Wife. Is that law, or Latin, or what?

Uncle. It is both, and common sense into the bargain. Listen to me, niece of mine. To live like your neighbors involves two things: *primo*, that they are living as they should do; and *secundo*, assuming that to be the case, that you can afford to live as they do.

Wife. There now was the Hamilton's christening; what an elegant turn-out, and how happy everybody was!

Uncle. Bah!

Wife. Bah! Uncle, do you deny that plate, dishes, decorations, *everything*, was not of the best? and that everybody was so pleased?

Uncle. Of course I don't. Pray, do you recollect when that party took place?

Wife. Yes, I think I do. You remember there were pine-apples at the dessert. It was just after Josey was weaned, poor dear! It must have been this time last year; but why do you ask?

Uncle. For a reason which I would not tell you, unless you were a silly wife. That dinner was supplied by a purveyor, and to my certain knowledge is not yet paid. The plate and crystal were hired from him, and all are still unsettled for.

Wife. Vile calumny! There's the supper and ball party at Thornton's last week; I suppose you'll be asserting that it——"

Uncle. In regard to it, Maria, I shall assert nothing, except that Mr. Kitto, the hosier, told me the other day that Thornton did not pay him for his marriage outfit for a number of years, which I shall not quote, in case that you might think Kitto or myself insane.

Wife. Scandal!

Uncle. Be it so. The mere paying of accounts by the Hamiltons or the Thorntons doesn't affect my argument. Granted that they can afford pine-apple desserts, and other things in keeping, it doesn't follow that you can.

Wife. Uncle, Mr. Garrett has a good business.

Uncle. I hope so.

Wife. Hope so! You don't mean to hint, gracious me, that there is anything going wrong?

Uncle. Not I. On the contrary, I think that he has a good rising business, poor fellow!

Wife. Why should he be so niggardly then?

Uncle. Have you any notion what he makes by his business?

Wife. Well, eh, to be sure, I can't exactly say that I do know; but I recollect, when he proposed, he spoke about £500 a year, and I am sure, Uncle, there's nothing to be seen here to that tune.

Uncle. In business, Maria, £500 may be in the books, but £400 only may be available. What is your house rent?

Wife. Eighty pounds.

Uncle. Well, let us take the slate:—

Rent and taxes,	£100
Food, four adults and three children,	120
Clothing,	80
Education, medicine, summer lodgings, extras, etc.,	150
	£450

There's £450 without anything special for Garrett, and I know that he pays £50 a year for life assurance.

Wife. I didn't think of that; but it appears to me that Edward looks too much to the future, and does not sufficiently attend to the present.

Uncle. Maria, your safety lies in that. Your husband is what is called a professional man, and, consequently, if he should be taken from you, he leaves you nothing but a few book debts, the furniture of this house, and his life assurance. Did it ever occur to you what would be your position in the world if Garrett were suddenly cut off?

Wife. Never, uncle—that is, seriously.

Uncle. Well, listen. Supposing he were to die this night.

Wife. Uncle, you frighten me.

Uncle. Life is at all times a serious thing; death is still more so; and we would all be wiser to think oftener about the responsibilities of both. I repeat, therefore, supposing Garrett to die to-night, your whole estate would stand something in this way—

His Accounts,	£50
His Life Assurance,	1,000
His Furniture,	400
	£1,450
Deduct rent, taxes, household accounts, funeral expenses,	250
	£1,200

Twelve hundred pounds would be all that you would have in the world, and what could you do with it? Investing it it in the best way possible, all you could make of it would be £60 a year.

Wife. Nonsense!

Uncle. Sober truth.

Wife. Why, I should starve.

Uncle. Not exactly. Do you know that I have seen widows left with nothing?

Wife. Not positively nothing.

Uncle. Well, next to it; that is, they had simply their furniture left.

Wife. What in all the earth did they do?

Uncle. Why, this friend helped, and that friend helped; and they kept lodgers; and they sewed; and this boy got into an office, and that boy went to sea; and this girl would become a companion, and t'other a governess, and so on. And I have seen widows shedding tears of joy, that every one of their children had turned out well.

Wife. My children are not old enough for me to be thinking about their conduct.

Uncle. It is one of the things in life that will yet cause you joy or sorrow. The Duke of Wellington once asked a friend, who, on that day, was the happiest man in England. The friend replied that he could not tell. It is Dr. Wordsworth, replied his Grace, whose three sons have carried off the three highest University honors. At a railway station the other day, I overheard one laborer say to another that he had reared five sons and five daughters to full age, and that none of them had ever caused him a red face. This was a great consolation for poverty. Don't suppose, therefore, that all is lost when riches flee away.

Wife. And yet you want me to save money?

Uncle. Certainly; live within your income, whatever it is. Avoid poverty if you can; but have philosophy to meet it, if it should overtake you in spite of yourself.

Wife. Life seems a tangled web.

Uncle. As a wife and mother you will find that more and more every day. Don't lightly conclude that your husband is stingy. Watch, pray that you enter not into the temptation of spending foolishly or unnecessarily that which might lighten the lot of your possible orphan children. Good morning!

JAMES KNOX.

"SUCH."

AS HE SAW IT.

Such ribbons and roses, such ringlets of hair;
Such feathers and flounces, so white and so fair;
Such rosy-hued cheeks, such teeth and such eyes;
Such a snowy white neck, of such delicate size;
Such a bit of a waist, such a love of a hand;
Such a foot, such an ankle, such an air of command;
Such a love of a woman.

AS SHE SAW IT.

Such a fair, manly brow, such a modest moustache;
Such a sweet, winning way, no swagger or dash;
Such love-lighted eyes, such an aquiline nose;
Such a neck, such a neck-tie, such nice fitting clothes;
Such an air all at ease, such a model of grace;
Such a form, such a figure, such a beautiful face;
Such a gem of the species human.

AS SOMEBODY ELSE SAW IT.

Such a swell of a chap, such a gay, flaunting belle;
Some brains, more hair, no wisdom to sell;
Such near-sighted eye-glasses astride such a nose;
Such earnest desire for the largest of "shows;"
Such motions, such gestures, so vulgar and rude;
Such a pompous young snipe, such a mincing young prude;
So queer is the human vision.

MUSIC AT HOME.

What shall the amusements of the home be? When there is the ability and taste, I regard music as combining in happiest proportions instruction and pleasure, as standing at the head of the home evening enjoyments. What a never-failing resource have those homes which God has blessed with this gift? How many pleasant family circles gather nightly about the piano; how many a home is vocal with the voice of song or psalm! In other times, in how many village homes the father's viol led the domestic harmony, and sons with clarionet or flute, or manly voice, and daughters sweetly and clearly filling the intervals of sound, made a joyful noise!—There was then no piano, to the homes of this generation, the great, the universal boon and comforter. One pauses and blesses it, as he hears it through the open farm-house window, or detects its sweetness stealing out amid the jargons of the city—an angels benison upon a wilderness of discord, soothing the weary brain, lifting the troubled spirit, pouring fresh strength into the tired body, waking to worship, lulling to rest. Touched by the hand we love, a mother, sister, wife—say, is it not a ministrant of love to child, to man—a household deity, now meeting our moods, answering to our needs, sinking to depths we cannot fathom, rising to heights we cannot reach, leading, guiding, great and grand and good, and now stooping to our lower wants, the frolic of our souls reverberating from its keys? The home that has a piano, what capacity for evening pleasure and profit has it! Alas, that so many wives and mothers should speak of their ability to play as a mere accomplishment of the past, and that children should grow up looking on the piano as a thing unwisely kept for company and show.—*Rev. J. F. W. Ware.*

☞ The rattling of the dice is often the funeral bell of a whole family.

MY MARY.

How softly steal the twilight shades
Along the pale September sky;
And purely bright the diamond dews
Among the clover blossoms lie.
At this sweet hour when toils are o'er,
And homeward flies the weary bee,
I know beside my cottage door,
My bride, my Mary, waits for me.

The clover bloom is on her cheek,
And in her eye the diamond dew,
And ne'er in virgin bosom beat
A heart more loving, pure and true.
She thinks her hunter strangely late
As shadows lengthen o'er the lea,
And now beside my cottage gate,
My gentle Mary waits for me.

The bloom is fading from her cheek;
Her eyes are dim with starting tears;
When lo, adown the forest path,
My Rover's welcome voice she hears.
She strives to pierce the gloom in vain,
For darkness deepens round each tree,
And now along the shadowy lane,
My trembling Mary flies to me.

My Mary! 'tis not fear that gives
Such fleetness to her steps to-night,
That makes her press so close to mine
Those balmy lips and eyes of light!
My cottage by the wood no more
My happy cottage home would be,
If at the lane, the gate, the door,
My Mary might not wait for me!

—*From "Sybelle and Other Poems."*

WISE LOVE.

Napoleon once exclaimed to one of his marshals, "What is wanting that the children of France may be educated?" "Mothers!" was the reply. If maternal influence and love are thus necessary for mere earthly training, how much more for that which is to guide the soul through earth to heaven! Doubtless most parents would be greatly surprised and offended by the slightest intimation that they do not love their children. And indeed of instinctive, unreasoning, unreasonable fondness—of parental self-complacency, vanity and pride, there is enough. But of that love which regards a child as something more than one's own property or self-extension; which views it as an immortal being committed to our care by its Creator; which studies to draw out its sympathies, that the young soul's development may be guided aright; which, for its happiness and welfare, practises self-denial and self-sacrifice in a higher form than mere raking and scraping of money for it to spend, how rare are the examples! Of easy, indolent submission to a child's caprices—of lavish, unlimited indulgence, there is enough. But of that love which can deny a child's importunity for its own good, and put a curb even on its own selfish desires for the child at the bidding of sober judgment, and yet reveal its tenderness and truth to the child by the very manner of denial, how seldom do we meet an instance! Yet this is the love which is the foundation of influence. This is the love which not only awakens fondness, but secures respect, and by filial respect gives strength and stability to filial affection. This is the love whose power grows with the expanding soul. A child thus loved will treat his parents with implicit confidence. He will instinctively repose his joys and sorrows, hopes and disappointments, in a parent's bosom. Only through the encouragement of this filial confidence can a parent reach and influence the hidden springs of his children's character. They must never feel that a parent's ear or heart is closed to what affects themselves. They must never be forced to turn elsewhere for sympathy. The confidence of our children is our sacred right, our solemn responsibility, and we must never forfeit it. They must from the first be made to feel that their parents are not only their truest, but their tenderest, their most sympathising and accessible friends. If this foundation be not laid, the moral power of a parent can never be established.

STICK TO YOUR OPINIONS.

It is a great mistake to suppose that you are bound to discard a fixed belief in your mind, because an ingenious opponent may ply you with arguments which at the time you cannot answer. Beliefs are a sort of growth,—a gradual accretion of the mind through a long series of years. It is very difficult for any man, on the spur of the moment, to give all the reasons which may have conduced to any one of his beliefs. Those reasons from time to time have been brought to the cognizance of the mind, have wrought their work upon the convictions, and then have been forgotten. The resultant beliefs, like successive strata, remain as a sort of fixed, permanent deposit. This is the order of nature, in mind as well as in matter, and it is right that it should be so. Otherwise we should be forever afloat on the sea of opinion. Cultivate, then, this habit of tenacity, as well in your opinions as in your course of life. It is no harm to be a little dogged sometimes. Do not give up your creed because some specialty man presses you with arguments that you cannot answer. You could answer them, had you made the subject a hobby, as he has done. You could answer them, if you had the leisure to review seriatim the steps by which you have come to your present stage of belief. Only be careful and honest in the first place in forming your opinions, and then be willing to place some confidence in your own mental results. Do not be badgered out of your position by every whipster that comes along prattling about old fogyism and the progress of the age.—*John S. Hart.*

☞ Major C. W. King, of Brunswick, the man with the keenest eye-sight, has written the Lord's Prayer, no glass being used, with the naked eye, upon a space one-quarter by one-eighth of an inch. The Major is a genius with the pencil.

☞ "No fun is honest which is not fun for both parties."

CHARACTER.

BY JOHN BURROUGHS.

Everything in this universe has a legitimate use—every faculty and feeling of man's soul, every element and production of the material world, and the highest doctrine is not made up of anathema and denunciation, but of praise and thanksgiving. The evil in one, or, in Scriptural phrase, "the flesh and the devil," are not to be got rid of by denouncing or repudiating them, but by subjugating and rising above them. It is the old sentence again, "Conquer or be conquered," drive or be driven. The man who merely turns his back on sin, or gives Satan the cold shoulder, as is exemplified often enough in the religious revivals over the country, without an inward æsthetic reformation, without rising vastly above his former tastes and habits, is pretty sure to fall into worse aberrations and excesses than before. Control and use, not eradicate. The spirit and mettle that make the colt so dangerous and unmanageable are not to be broken or rooted out, but only to be tamed and disciplined—to be restrained and limited, like fire, or water, or electricity. So Nature puts nothing in man she does not mean he shall profit by. The passions are his greatest enemies; but, when properly bitted and curbed, they are good steeds, and men have rode into power and fame in the saddle of their wildest, fiercest passions, as they have also, when laying aside all restraint and moral obligation, plunged headlong into ruin and death. It is a terrible Mazeppa ride when there is no bridle to guide or arm to stay.

Too much practical piety there cannot be; yet human nature is insipid stuff without a spice of the old Adam in it—a real red dash of the wild, primitive element. It gives color and character, pith and raciness—is, in fact, the seasoning of the dish, and nothing less.

Curb the flesh, of course; swingle and hatchel it as the farmer does his flax, but there is a limit to this matter; too much swingling and hatchling will make the flax all tow. One cannot well ignore his body and be a saint before his time. But the race needs not much counselling on this point; there is no immediate danger of our appetites falling into general neglect, and devotion to mind absorbing the wants of the body. Perhaps the reverse of this is nearer the truth.

And, yet, the heart of the earth is fire, and the heart of every one of earth's children is fire; and though earthquakes and eruptions, and wars and ravagings are not desirable, or near at hand pleasant to contemplate, yet the fire cannot be dispensed with, and its office is a legitimate one. It must be latent, hidden, unobtrusive—kept close beneath the ground of principle, and in no case allowed to subvert and swallow up. It is a source of brute power, of vitality and endurance; and, though wicked and dangerous when in the ascendancy—like any of the blind, savage elements whose virtue is as motive, not as a controlling force—yet, hampered and restrained and harmless into work, does valiant service.

There certainly is somewhat in human nature which answers to steam and fire, wind and flood, shark and tiger, to Satan and the furies—somewhat destructive, explosive, subversive and rebellious; and the lesson and triumph of life is to render it a source of power and profit, and not of weakness and ruin. Ungoverned, it has rent and shaken the earth like the volcanic agencies; but who shall say that thus it was not in the order of things—a part of the plan of human development—and that it has not enriched and fertilized and given picturesqueness to time? So far, at least, the analogy holds good, that the race is cooling like the planet—that the eruptions of this satanic element, its lawless, uncontrollable outbreakings among men and nations, are of far less frequent occurrence than was the case once. Culture is a great cooler of the passions, lessens day by day their range and violence, and in the long result of the ages must completely humanize man, and turn all the devil in him to good account.

Harmony and equipoise have much to do in character, and the virtuous and vicious do not differ so much in possessing different traits and powers, as in the relative proportions and agreement of these traits and powers. In the right sort of a man the good element rules the evil and uses it too—in the reverse type, the bad rules and uses likewise. Change or invert the proportion of the two elements of the air, and it becomes deadly or poisonous; in like manner disturb the equipoise, or, if one may so speak, the equation of a fine character, and what was radically good becomes correspondingly bad. So much lies in the consent and disposition of the parts! There certainly is a vast difference between mother-of-pearl and an oyster-shell, yet both are composed of essentially the same elements; the brilliant, iridescent appearance of the former over the latter is owing solely, we are told, to the structure and arrangement of the parts, and not to any superior quality in the parts themselves.

CHLOROFORM AND ETHER.—Chloroform, to cause insensibility while undergoing painful operations, can never be used with perfect safety. In any given case, the most skillful and experienced administrator cannot vouch that the patient will not be dead in ten minutes. No well-attested case has ever come to our notice where fatal results have followed the use of "sulphuric ether" for the same purpose. It has a bad smell, and a large quantity has to be used; but these objections are trifling when the difference is between perfect safety and possible death within a dozen minutes.—*Dr. Hall.*

☞ Within the last few weeks we have captured two Fort Jacksons, routed General Jackson, and came near taking Governor Jackson.

☞ Prentice "guesses" the New Orleans Picayune feels as if it were hardly worth its name.

A SOLDIER'S LETTER AND A WOMAN'S ANSWER.

HOSPITAL, April, 1862.

I write with a great deal of pain, dear girl:
I've not been able before since the fight,
And my brain is still so much in a whirl,
That I can tell you but little to-night.
I'm wounded—don't start—'tis not very bad,
Or at least it might be worse; so I said,
When I thought of you, "I'm sure she'll be glad
To know that I'm only wounded—not dead."

I've lost my left arm—there, now you know all!
A Minie ball shattered it, and I fell:
The last that I heard was our captain's call,
Until—the rest is too painful to tell.
I've had throughout the most excellent care,
And am doing finely, the surgeon says;
So well indeed, that the prospect is fair
For a homeward trip before many days.

But I've something else, dear Mary, to say,
And I'd say it if it cost me my life;
I've thought of it well—there's no other way—
You're released from your promise to be my wife:
You'll think me foolish at first; then you'll think
Of the loose, armless coat-sleeve at my side:
And your proud and sensitive heart will shrink
From the thought of being a cripple's bride.

'Tis a bitter struggle to give you up,
For I've loved you more than ever of late;
But down to its dregs I've drained the cup,
And I'm calm, though my heart is desolate.
I'm coming home, and of course we must meet;
My darling, this once, one boon I implore—
Let us still be friends—for that will be sweet,
Since now, alas! we can be nothing more.

SWEET HOME, April, 1863.

My Robert, how brave and noble you are!
Too brave and too noble, I know, for me:
But you've too little faith in me by far,
If you believe I want to be free.
I'm not released from my promise—no, no!
'Twas never so sacred to me before;
If you could but know how I've longed to go
And watch by your side, you'd doubt me no more.

I read your name in the terrible list,
But the tears froze back that sprang to my eye;
And a fearful pain that I could not resist,
Brushed my heart till I only longed to die.
The blessed tears, by-and-by came again,
And I felt, as you in your letter said,
A feeling of gladness 'mid all my pain,
That Robert was only wounded—not dead.

Oh, darling! to think you have suffered so,
And I all these long, weary miles away;
You've needed me very often, I know,
While I could do nothing but hope and pray.
But hardest of all is the bitter thought
That you have been suffering so much for me;
Poor Robert! your manly letter has brought
A strange mixture of joy and misery.

But you're coming home to my arms and heart;
You're right—I *am* proud and sensitive, too;
But I'm only so when we are apart,
And now I shall only be proud of you!
You're coming home to be happy and rest,
And I wait the moment of blissful calm,
When I shall be held to a Soldier's breast
By a Patriot-Hero's one strong arm!

THE CHANNINGS.

BY MRS. WOOD,

AUTHOR OF "DANESBURY HOUSE," "EAST LYNNE," "THE EARL'S HEIRS," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

GERALD YORKE MADE INTO A "BLOCK."

The Rev. Mr. Yorke, in his surplice and hood, stood in his stall in the cathedral. His countenance was stern, absorbed; like that of a man who is not altogether at peace with himself. Let us hope that he was absorbed in the sacred service in which he was taking a part; but we all know, to our cost, that the spirit will wander at these times; that worldly thoughts obtrude themselves. The very greatest divine that the church boasts is not always free from them.

Not an official part in the service was Mr. Yorke taking, that afternoon; the duty was being performed by the head master, whose week it was to take it. Very few people indeed were at service, and still less of the clergy; the dean was present, but not one of the chapter.

Arthur Channing sat in his place at the organ. Arthur's thoughts, too, were wandering; and—you know it is of no use to make people out to be better than they are—wandering to things especially mundane. Arthur had not ceased to look out for something to do, to replace the weekly funds lost when he left Mr. Galloway's. He had not yet been successful; employment is more easily sought than found, especially by one lying under doubt, as he was. But he had now heard of something which he hoped he might gain.

Jenkins, saying nothing to Roland Yorke or to anybody else, had hurried to Mr. Channing's house that day between one and two o'clock; and the hurrying there and back had probably caused that temporary increase of cough, which you heard of in last week's paper. Jenkins's errand was to inform Arthur that Dove and Dove (solicitors in the town, who were by no means so dove-like as their name) required a temporary clerk, and he thought Arthur might suit. Arthur had asked Jenkins to keep a look-out for him.

"Is one of their clerks leaving?" Arthur inquired.

"One of them met with an accident last night up at the railway-station," replied Jenkins. "Did you not hear of it, sir?"

"I heard of that. I did not know who it was that was hurt. He was trying to cross the line, was he not?"

"Yes, sir. It was Marston. He had been out with some friends, and had taken, it is thought, more than was good for him. A porter pulled him back, but Marston fell, and the engine crushed his foot. He will be laid up two months, the doctors say. Dove and Dove are looking out for somebody to fill his place for the time. If you would like to take it, sir, you could be looking out for something else while you are there. You would more readily get the two hours' daily leave of absence from a place like that, where they keep three or four clerks, than you would from where they keep but one."

"If I like to take it!" repeated Arthur. "Will they like to take me? That's the question. Thank you, Jenkins, I'll see about it at once."

He was not able to do so immediately that Jenkins left; for Dove and Dove's offices were situated at the other end of the town, and he might not be back in time for service. So he waited and went first to college, and sat, I say, in his place at the organ, his thoughts filled, in spite of himself with the new project.

The service came to an end; it had seemed long to Arthur—so prone are we to estimate time by our own feelings—and his voluntary, afterwards, was played a shade faster than usual. Then he quitted the Cathedral by the front entrance, and hastened to the office of Dove and Dove.

Arthur had had many a rebuff of late, when bent on a similar application, and his experience taught him that it was best, if possible, to see the principals; not to subject himself to the careless indifference or to the insolence of a clerk. Two young men were writing at a desk when he entered.

"Can I see Mr. Dove?" he inquired.

The elder of the writers scrutinised him through the railings of the desk—

"Which of them?" asked he.

"Either," replied Arthur; "Mr. Dove, or Mr. Alfred Dove. It does not matter."

"Mr. Dove's out, and Mr. Alfred Dove's not at home," was the response. "You'll have to wait, or to call again."

He preferred to wait; and in a very few minutes Mr. Dove came in. Arthur was taken into a small room, so full of papers that it seemed difficult to turn in it, and there he stated his business.

"You are a son of Mr. Channing's, I believe," said Mr. Dove. He spoke morosely, coarsely; and he had a morose and coarse countenance—the sure index of the mind, in him, as in others. "Was it you who figured in the proceedings at the Guildhall two or three weeks back?"

You may judge whether the remark called the blood to Arthur's face. He suppressed his mortification, and spoke bravely.

"It was myself, sir. I was not guilty. My employment in your office would be the copying of deeds solely, I presume, which would afford me little temptation to be dishonest, even were I so inclined to be."

Had anybody paid Arthur in gold to keep in that little bit of sarcasm, he could not have helped speaking it. Mr. Dove caught up the idea that the words were uttered in sarcasm, and scowled ritfully.

"Marston was worth twenty-five shillings a week to us, and gained it. You would not be worth half as much."

"You do not know what I should be worth, sir, unless you tried me. I am a quick and correct copyist; but I should not look to receive so much as an ordinary clerk, on account of having to attend the Cathedral for morning and afternoon service. Wherever I go, I must have that privilege allowed me."

"Then I don't think you'll get it with us. But look here, young Channing, it is my brother who undertakes the engaging and the management of the clerks—you can speak to him."

"Can I see him this afternoon, sir?"

"He'll be in presently. Of course, we could not admit you into our office without some one becoming security. You must be aware of that?"

The words seemed like a checkmate to Arthur, and he stopped in hesitation. "Is it usual, sir?"

"Usual—no! But it is necessary in *your* case."

There was a coarse, pointed stress upon the "your" natural to the man. Arthur turned away. For a moment he felt that to Dove and Dove's he could not and would not go: every feeling within him rebelled against it. Presently the rebellion calmed down, and he began to think about the security.

It would be of little use, he was sure, to apply to Mr. Alfred Dove—who was a shade coarser than Mr. Dove, if anything—unless prepared to say that security could be furnished. His father's he thought he might command; but he was not sure of that, under present circumstances, without first speaking to Hamish. He turned his steps to Guild street, his unhappy position pressing with unusual weight upon his feelings.

"Can I see my brother?" he inquired of the clerks in the office.

"He has some gentlemen with him just now, sir. I dare say you can go in."

There was nothing much amiss in the words; but in the tone there was. It was indicative of slight, of contempt. It was the first time Arthur had been there since the suspicion had fallen on him, and they seemed to stare at him as if he had been a wild hyena; not a respectable hyena either.

He entered Hamish's room. Hamish was talking with two gentlemen, strangers to Arthur, but they were on the point of leaving. Arthur stood away against the wainscoting by the corner-table, waiting till they were gone, his attitude, his countenance, his whole appearance indicative of depression and sadness.

Hamish closed the door and turned to him. He laid his hand kindly upon his shoulder, his voice was expressive of his kindest sympathy. "So you have found your way here once more, Arthur! I thought you were never coming again. What can I do for you, lad?"

"I have been to Dove and Dove's. They are in want of a clerk. I think perhaps they would take me; but, Hamish, they want security."

"Dove and Dove's," repeated Hamish. "Nice gentlemen, both of them!" he added, in his half pleasant, half sarcastic manner. "Arthur, boy, I'd not be under Dove and Dove if they offered me a gold nugget a day, as weighty as the Queen's crown. You must not go there."

"They are not agreeable men, I know that; they are not men who are liked in Helstonleigh, but what difference will that make to me? So long as I turn out their parchments properly engrossed, that is all I need care for."

"What has happened? Why are you looking so mad?" reiterated Hamish, who could not fail to perceive that there was some strange grief at work.

"Is my life so sunny just now, that I can always be as bright as you?" retorted Arthur—for Hamish's undimmed gayety did sometimes jar upon his wearied spirit. "I shall go to Dove and Dove's if they will take me," he added resolutely. "Will you answer for me, Hamish, in my father's name?"

"What amount of security do they require?" asked Hamish. And it was very proper, a very natural question; but even that grated on the nerves of Arthur.

"Are you afraid of me?" he rejoined; "or do you fear my father would be?"

"I daresay they would take my security," was the reply of Hamish. "I will answer for you to any amount—that is," and again came his gleesome smile, "to any amount they may deem me good for. If they don't like mine, I can offer my father's. Will that do, Arthur?"

"Thank you; that is all I want."

"Don't go to Dove and Dove's, old boy," Hamish said again, as Arthur was leaving the room. "Wait patiently for something more desirable to turn up. There's no such great hurry. I wish there was room for you to come here!"

"It is but a temporary thing, it is not for long," replied Arthur, and he went out.

On going back to Dove and Dove's, the first person he saw, upon opening the door of the clerks' room, was Mr. Alfred Dove. He appeared to be in a passion over something that had gone wrong, and was talking fast and furiously.

"What do you want?" he asked, wheeling round upon Arthur. Arthur replied by intimating that he would be glad to speak with him.

"Can't you speak, then?" returned Mr. Alfred Dove. "I am not deaf."

Thus met, Arthur did not repeat his wish for privacy. He intimated his business, uncertain whether Mr. Alfred Dove had heard of it or not; and stated that the security could be given.

"I don't know what you mean about 'security,'" was Mr. Alfred Dove's rejoinder. "What security?"

"Mr. Dove said that if I came into your office security would be required," answered Arthur. "My friends are ready to give it."

"Mr. Dove told you that, did he? Just like him. He has nothing to do with the details of the office. Did he know who you are?"

"Certainly he did, sir."

"I should have thought not," offensively returned Mr. Alfred Dove. "You must possess some assurance, young man, to come after a place in a respectable office. Security or no security, we can't admit one into ours who lies under the accusation of being light-fingered."

It was the man all over. Hamish had said "Don't go to Dove and Dove's." Mr. Alfred Dove stood with his finger pointing to the door, and the two clerks stared in an insolent manner at Arthur. With a burning brow and rising spirit, Arthur left the room, and halted for a moment in the passage outside.

"Patience, patience," he murmured to himself; "patience, and trust in God!" He turned into the street quickly, and ran right against Mr. Huntley.

For a minute he could not speak. That gentleman detected his emotion, and waited till it was over.

"Have you been insulted, Arthur?" he breathed.

"Not much more so than I am now getting accustomed to be," was the answer that came from his quivering lips. "I heard they wanted a clerk, and went to offer myself. I am looked upon as a felon now, Mr. Huntley."

"Being innocent as the day."

"I am innocent before God," spoke Arthur, in the impulse of his emotion, in the fervency of his heart. That he spoke but the solemn truth, it was impossible to doubt, even had Mr. Huntley been inclined to doubt; and Arthur may me excused for forgetting his usual caution in the moment's bitterness.

"Arthur," said Mr. Huntley, "I promised your father and mother that I should do all in my power to establish your innocence. Can you tell me how I am to set about it?"

"You cannot do it at all, Mr. Huntley. Things must remain as they are."

"Why?"

"I cannot explain why. I can only repeat it."

"There is some strange mystery attaching to this."

Arthur did not gainsay it.

"Arthur, if I am to let the affair rest as I find it, you must at least give me a reason why I may not act. What is it?"

"Because the investigation could only cause tenfold deeper trouble. You are very good to think of helping me, Mr. Huntley, but I must fight my own battle. Others must be quiet in this matter—for all our sakes."

Mr. Huntley gazed after Arthur as he moved away. Constance first! Arthur next! What could be the meaning of it all? Where did the mystery lie? A resolution grew up in Mr. Huntley's heart that he would fathom it, for private reasons of his own; and, in the impulse of the moment, he bent his steps, there and then, towards the police station, and demanded an interview with Roland Yorke's *bete noire*, Mr. Butterby.

But the Cathedral is not quite done with for the afternoon.

Upon the conclusion of service, the dean lingered a few minutes in the nave, speaking to one of the vergers. When he turned to continue his way, he encountered the Rev. Mr. Pye, who had been taking off his surplice in the vestry. The choristers had been taking off their surplices also, and were now gone trooping through the cloisters back to the school-room, not more gently than usual. The dean saluted Mr. Pye, and they walked out together.

"It is impossible to keep them quiet unless one's eyes is continually upon them!" exclaimed the head master, half apologetically, as they came in view of the rebels.

"Boys will be boys," said the dean. "How has this foolish opinion arisen among them, that the names standing first on the rolls for the scholarship will not be allowed to compete for it?" continued he, with much suavity.

Mr. Pye looked rather flushed.

"Really, I am unable to say, Mr. Dean. It is difficult to account for all the notions taken up by school-boys."

"Boys do take up strange notions," blandly assented the dean. "But, I think, were I you, Mr. Pye, I would set their minds at rest in this respect. You have not yet deemed it worth while, I dare say; but it may perhaps be as well to do so. When the elders of a school once pick up the idea that their studies may not meet their due reward, it tends to render them indifferent. I remember once—it was just after I came here as dean, many years ago—the head master of the school exalted a boy to be senior who stood sixth or seventh on the rolls, and was positively half an idiot. But those times are past."

"Certainly they are," remarked the master.

"It was an unpleasant duty I had to perform then," continued the dean, in the same agreeable tone, as if he were relating an anecdote; "unpleasant both for the parents of the boy, and for the head master. But, as I remark, such things could not occur now. I think I would intimate to the king's scholars that they have nothing to fear."

"It shall be done, Mr. Dean," was the response of the master; and they exchanged bows, as the dean turned into the deanery. "She's three parts a fool, is that Lady Augusta," muttered the master to the cloister-flags as he strode over them—"chattering magpie!"

As circumstances had it, the way was paved for the master to speak at once. Upon entering the college school-room, and passing the senior desk, he overheard whispered words of dispute between Gerald Yorke and Pierce senior, touching this very question, the scholarship. The master reached his own desk, gave it a sharp rap with a cane that lay near to hand, and spoke in his highest tone, looking red and angry.

"What *are* these disputes that appear to have been latterly disturbing the peace of the school? What is that you are saying, Gerald Yorke?—that the scholarship is to be yours?"

Gerald Yorke looked red in his turn, and somewhat foolish.

"I beg your pardon, sir, I was not saying precisely that"—he hesitated.

"I think you were saying precisely that," was the response of the master. "My ears are quicker than you may fancy, Mr. Yorke. If you really have been hugging yourself with the notion that the promotion will be yours, the sooner you disabuse your mind of it the better. Whoever gains the scholarship will gain it by priority of right, by scholarship, or by conduct—as the matter may be; certainly not by anything else. Allow me to recommend you, one and all," and the master threw his eyes round the desks generally, and gave another emphatic stroke with the cane, "that you concern yourselves with your legitimate business; not with mine."

Gerald did not like the reproof, or the news. He remained silent and sullen until the conclusion of school, and then went tearing home.

"A pretty block you have made of me!" he uttered, bursting into the presence of Lady Augusta, who had just returned home, very warm, and sat fanning herself on a sofa before an open window.

"Why, what has taken you?" returned her ladyship.

"It's a shame, mother, it is! Filling me up with the news that I was to be senior! And now Pye goes and announces that I'm a fool for supposing so, and that it's to go in the regular rotation."

"Pye does not mean it," said my lady. "There, hold your tongue, Gerald. I am too hot to talk."

"I know that every fellow in the school will have the laugh at me, if I am to be made a regular block of, like this!" grumbled Gerald.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE EARL OF CARRICK.

On a fine afternoon in August—and the month was now drawing to a close—the 2.25 train from London steamed into the station at Helstonleigh, eight minutes behind time, and came to a standstill. Amongst the passengers who alighted was a gentleman of middle age, as it is called—in point of fact, he had entered his fiftieth year, as the peerage would have told any curious inquirer. As he stepped out of the first-class carriage, several eyes were drawn towards him, for he was of notable height, towering above everybody; even above Roland Yorke, who was a good height himself, and stood on the platform waiting for him.

It was the Earl of Carrick, brother to Lady Augusta Yorke, and much resembling her—a pleasant-natured, high cheek-boned, easy face, betraying more of affable good humor than of high or keen intellect, and nothing of pride. The pride of the young Yorkes was sometimes talked of in Helstonleigh, but it came of their father's side, not from Lady Augusta's. The Earl spoke with a slight tincture of brogue, and shook both the hands of Roland heartily, as soon as he found that it was to Roland they belonged.

"Sure then! but I didn't know ye, Roland! If ye had twenty years more on to ye're head, I should have thought it was ye're father."

"Have I grown like him, Uncle Carrick?"

"Ye've grown out of knowledge, me boy. And how's ye're mother, and how are the rest of ye?"

"Stunning," responded Roland. "They are all outside. She would bring the whole caravan up. The last time the lot came to the station the two young ones got upon the line to dance a hornpipe on the rails; so she has kept them by her, and is making Gerald and Tod look after them. Where's your luggage, Uncle Carrick? Have you brought a servant?"

"Not I," replied the Earl. "Servants are only troubles in other folk's houses, and me bit of luggage isn't much but I can look after it meself. I hope they put it in," he continued, looking about amid the boxes and portmanteaus, and unable to see his own.

The luggage was found at last, and given in charge to a porter; and Lord Carrick went out to meet his relatives. There were enough of them to meet—the whole caravan, as Roland had expressed it. Lady Augusta sat in her barouche—her two daughters and Constance and Annabel Channing with her. Little Percy and Frank, two most troublesome children, were darting in and out amid the waiting carriages, flys, and omnibuses; and Gerald and Tod had enough to do to keep them out of danger. It was so like Lady Augusta—the bringing them all to the station to welcome their uncle! Warm-hearted and impulsive, she had little more judgment than a child. Constance had in vain protested against herself and Annabel being pressed into the company; but her ladyship looked upon it as a sort of triumphal expedition, and was deaf to remonstrances.

The Earl, warm-hearted and impulsive, also, kissed them all, Constance included. She could not help herself; before she was aware of the honor intended her, the kiss was given—a hearty smack, like all the rest had. The well-meaning, simple-minded Irishman could not have been made to understand why he should not give a kiss of greeting to Constance, as readily as he gave it to his sister, or his sister's daughters. He protested that he remembered Constance and Annabel well. It may be questioned whether there was not more of Irish politeness than of truth in the assertion, though he had seen them occasionally on his visit three years before.

How were they all to get home? In and on the barouche, as all, save Roland, had come, to the gratification of the curious town? Lord Carrick wished to walk; his long legs were cramped; but Lady Augusta would not hear of it, and pulled him into the carriage. Gerald, Percy, and Frank were fighting for places on the box beside the driver. Tod intending to hang on behind, as he had done in coming, when the deep-toned college bell struck out the quarter to three, and the sound came distinctly to their ears, borne from the distance. It put a stop to the competition, so far as Gerald was concerned. He and Tod, startled half out of their senses, for they had not observed the lapse of time, set off back on foot as hard as they could go.

Meanwhile Roland, putting aside the two young ones with his strong hand, chose to mount the box himself; at which they both began to shriek and roar. Matters were compromised after a while; Percy was taken up by Roland, and Frank was, by some process of packing, stowed away inside. Then the cargo started; Lady Augusta happy as a princess, with her newly-met brother and her unruly children, and not caring in the least for the gaze of the people who stood in the streets, or came rushing to their windows and doors to criticise the load.

Crowded as the carriage was, it was pleasanter to be in it, on that genial day, than to be at work in close rooms, dark shops, or dull offices. Among others who were so confined and hard at work was Jenkins at Mr. Galloway's. Poor Jenkins had not improved in health during the week or two that have elapsed since you last saw him. His cough was more troublesome still, and he was thinner and weaker. But Jenkins, humble and conscientious, thinking himself one who was not worth thinking of at all in comparison with others, would have died at his post rather than give in. Certainly, Arthur Channing had been discharged at the most inopportune time, for Mr. Galloway, as steward to the dean and chapter, had more to do about Michaelmas than at any other period of the year. From that epoch until November, when the yearly audit took place, there was a good deal of business to get through.

On this afternoon Jenkins was particularly busy. Mr. Galloway was away from home for a day or two—on business connected with that scapegrace cousin of his, Roland Yorke proclaimed; though whether Mr. Roland had any foundation for the assertion, save his own fancy, may be doubted—and Jenkins had it all upon his own shoulders. Jenkins, unobtrusive and meek though he was, was perfectly competent to manage, and Mr. Galloway left him with entire trust. But it is one thing to be competent to manage, and another thing to be able to do two persons' work in one person's time; and that Jenkins was finding this afternoon. He had letters to write; he had callers to answer; he had the general business of the office to attend to; and there were besides, deeds to prepare and copy. The copying of those deeds was the work pertaining to Roland Yorke. Roland did not seem to be in a hurry to come to them. Jenkins cast towards them an anxious eye, but Jenkins could do no more, for his own work could not be neglected. He felt very unwell that afternoon—oppressed, hot, unable to breathe. He wiped the moisture from his brow three or four times, and then he thought he might be the better for a little air, and opened the window. But the breeze, gentle as it was, made him cough, and he shut it again.

Of course, nobody knowing Mr. Roland Yorke could be surprised at his starting to the station, to meet Lord Carrick, instead of to the office to do his work. He had gone home at one o'clock that day as usual. Not that there was any necessity for his doing so, for the dinner hour was postponed until later, and it would have furthered the business of the office had he remained for once at his post. Had anybody suggested to Roland to do so, he would have thought he was going to be worked to death. About twenty minutes past three he came clattering in.

"I say, Jenkins, I want holiday this afternoon."

Jenkins, albeit the most accommodating spirit in the world, looked dubious, and cast a glance at the papers on Roland's desk.

"Yes, sir; but what is to be done about the Uphill farm leases?"

"Now, Jenkins, it's not a bit of good for you to begin to croak! If I gave in to you, you'd get as bad as Galloway. When I have got my mind off work, I can't settle to it again, and it's of no use to try. Those Uphill deeds are not wanted before to-morrow."

"But they are wanted by eleven o'clock, sir, so that they must be finished, or nearly finished, to-night. You know, sir, there has been a fuss about them, and to-morrow, early, is the very latest time they must be in."

"I'll get up, and be here in good time and finish them," said Roland. "Just put it to yourself, Jenkins, if you had an uncle that you'd not seen for seventeen ages, whether you'd like to leave him the minute he puts his foot over the door-sill?"

"I daresay I should not, sir," said good-natured Jenkins, turning about in his mind how he could make time to do Roland's work.

"His lordship is come then, Mr. Roland?"

"His lordship's come, bag and baggage," returned Roland. "I say, Jenkins, what a thousand shames it is that he's not rich! He is the best-natured fellow alive, and would do anything in the world for us, if he only had the tin."

"Is he not rich, sir?"

"Why, of course he's not," confidentially returned Roland. "Everybody knows the embarrassments of Lord Carrick. When he came into the estates, they had been mortgaged three deep by the last peer, my grandfather—an old guy in a velvet skull cap, I remember, who took snuff incessantly—and my uncle, on his part, had mortgaged them three deep again, which made six. How Carrick manages to live, nobody knows; sometimes he's in Ireland, in the tumble-down old homestead, with just a couple of servants to wait upon him; and sometimes he's on the Continent, *en garcon*—if you know what that means. Now and then he gets a windfall when any of his tenants can be brought to pay up; but he is the easiest-going coach in life, and won't press them. Wouldn't I!"

"Some of those Irish tenants are very poor, sir, as I have heard."

"Poor be hanged! What is a man's own ought to be his own. Carrick says there are some years that he does not draw two thousand pounds, all told."

"Indeed, sir, that's not much for a peer."

"It's not much for a commoner, let alone a peer," said Roland, growing fierce. "If I were no better off than Carrick, I'd drop the title, that's what I'd do. Why, if he could live as a peer ought, do you suppose we should be in the position that we are? One a soldier; one (and that's me) lowered to be a common old proctor; one a parson; and all the rest of it! If Carrick could be as other Earls are, and have interest with the Government, and that, we should stand a chance of getting properly provided for. Of course, he can make interest with nobody while his estates bring him in next door to nothing."

"Are there no means of improving his estates, Mr. Roland?" asked Jenkins.

"If there were, he's not the one to do it. And I don't know that it would do him any material good, after all," acknowledged Roland. "If he gets one thousand a year, he spends two; and if he had twenty thousand, he'd spend forty. It might come to the same in the long run, so far as he goes; we might be the better for it, and should be. It's a shame, though, that we should need to be the better for other folks's money; if this were not the most unjust world going, everybody would have fortunes of their own."

After this friendly little bit of confidence touching his uncle's affairs, Roland prepared to depart. "I'll be sure to come in good time in the morning, Jenkins, and set to it like a brick," was his parting salutation.

Away he went. Jenkins, with his poor aching head and his harrassing cough, applied himself diligently, as he ever did, to the afternoon's work, and got through it by six o'clock, which was later than usual. There then remained the copying, which Mr. Roland Yorke ought to have done. Knowing the value of Roland's promises, and knowing also that if he kept this promise ever so strictly the amount of copying was more than could be completed in time, if left to the morning, Jenkins did as he had been aware he must do, when talking with Roland—took it home with him.

The parchments under his arm, he set out on his walk. What could be the matter with him, that he felt so weak? he asked himself as he went along. It must be, he believed, the having gone without his dinner. Jenkins generally went home to dinner at twelve, and returned at one; occasionally, however, he did not go till two, according to the exigencies of the office; this day he had not gone at all, but had cut a sandwich at breakfast time and brought it with him in his pocket.

He had proceeded as far as the elm trees in the Boundaries—for Jenkins generally chose the quiet cloister way for his road home—when he saw Arthur Channing advancing towards him. With the ever-ready, respectful, cordial smile with which he was wont to greet Arthur whenever he saw him, Jenkins

quickened his steps. But suddenly the smile seemed to fix itself upon his lips, and the parchments fell from his arm, and he staggered against the palings. But that Arthur was at hand to support him, he might have fallen to the ground.

"Why, what is it, Jenkins?" asked Arthur, kindly, when Jenkins was beginning to recover himself.

"Thank you, sir; I don't know what it could have been. Just as I was looking at you, a mist seemed to come before my eyes, and I felt giddy. I suppose it was a sort of faintness that came over me. I had been thinking that I felt weary. Thank you very much, sir."

"Take my arm, Jenkins," said Arthur, as he picked up the parchments, and took possession of them. "I'll see you home."

"Oh, no, sir, indeed," protested simple-hearted Jenkins; "I'd not think of such a thing. I'd feel quite ashamed, sir, at the thought of your being seen arm-in-arm with me in the street. I can go quite well alone; I can, indeed, sir."

Arthur burst out laughing. "I wish you wouldn't be such an old duff, Jenkins—as the college boys have it! Do you suppose I should let you go home by yourself? Come along."

Drawing Jenkins's arm within his own, Arthur turned with him. Jenkins really did not like it. Sensitive to a degree was he, and to his humble mind it seemed that Arthur was out of place walking familiarly with him.

"You must have been doing something to tire yourself," said Arthur as they walked along.

"It has been a pretty busy day, sir, now Mr. Galloway's away. I did not go home to my dinner, for one thing."

"And Mr. Roland Yorke absent for another, I suppose?"

"Only this afternoon, sir. His uncle, Lord Carrick, has arrived. Oh, sir!" broke off Jenkins, stopping in a panic, "here's his lordship the bishop coming along! Whatever shall you do?"

"Do!" returned Arthur, scarcely understanding him. "What should I do?"

"To think that he should see you thus with the like of me!"

It amused Arthur exceedingly. Poor, lowly-minded Jenkins! The bishop appeared to divine the state of the case, for he stopped when he came up. Possibly, he was struck by the wan hue which overspread Jenkins's face.

"You look ill, Jenkins," he said, nodding to Arthur Channing. "Keep your hat on, Jenkins—keep your hat on."

"Thank you, my lord," replied Jenkins, disregarding the injunction touching his hat. "A sort of faintness came over me just now under the elm trees, and this gentleman insisted upon walking home with me, in spite of my protestations to—"

Jenkins was stopped by a fit of coughing—long, violent fit, sounding hollow as the grave. The bishop watched him till it was over.

"Is any physician attending you?"

"Oh, my lord, I am not poorly enough yet for that. My wife made me go to Mr. Hurst the other day, my lord, and he gave me a bottle of something; but he said it was not medicine that I wanted."

"I would advise you to go to a physician, Jenkins. A stitch in time saves nine, you know," the bishop added, in his free good humor.

"So it does, my lord. Thank your lordship for thinking of me," added Jenkins, as the bishop said good afternoon, and pursued his way. And then, and not till then, did Jenkins put on his hat again.

"Mr. Arthur, would you be so kind as not to say anything to my wife about my being poorly?" asked Jenkins, as they drew near to his home. "She'd be, perhaps, for saying I should not go again yet to the office; and a pretty dilemma that would put me in, Mr. Galloway being absent. She'd get so fidgetty, too: she kills me with kindness, if she thinks I am ill. The broth and arrowroot, and other messes, sir, that she makes me swallow, are unteilable."

"All right," said Arthur.

But the intention was frustrated. Who should be standing at the shop-door but Mrs. Jenkins herself. She saw them before they saw her, and she saw that her husband looked like a ghost, and was supported by Arthur. Of course, she drew her own conclusions; and Mrs. Jenkins was one who did not allow her conclusions to be put down. When Jenkins found that he was seen and suspected, he held out no longer, but honestly confessed the worst—that he had been taken with a giddiness.

"Of course," said Mrs. Jenkins, as she pushed a chair here and another there, partly in temper, partly to free the narrow passage through the shop to the parlor. "I have been expecting nothing less all day. Every group of footsteps slower than usual, I have thought it was a shutter arriving and you on it, dropped dead from exhaustion. Would you believe"—turning short round on Arthur Channing—"that he has been such a donkey as to fast from breakfast time? And with that cough upon him!"

"Not quite so fast, my dear," deprecated Jenkins. "I ate the paper of sandwiches."

"Paper of rubbish!" retorted Mrs. Jenkins. "What good do sandwiches do a weakly man? You might eat a ton load, and be none the better for it. Well, Jenkins, you may take your leave of having your own way."

Poor Jenkins might have deferentially intimated that he never did have it. Mrs. Jenkins resumed:

"He said he'd carry a sandwich with him this morning, instead of coming home to dinner. I said, 'No.' And afterwards I was such a simpleton as to yield! And here's the effects of it! Sit yourself down in the easy chair," she added, taking Jenkins by the two arms, and pushing him into it; "and I'll make the tea now," she concluded, turning to the table where the tea things were set out. "There's some broiled fowl coming up for you."

"I don't feel as if I could eat this evening," Jenkins ventured to say.

"*Not eat!*" she repeated, with emphasis. "You had better eat—that's all. I don't want to have you falling down exhausted here, as you did in the Boundaries."

"And as soon as you have had your tea, you should go to bed," put in Arthur.

"I can't, sir. I have got three or four hours' work at that deed. It must be done."

"At this?" returned Arthur, opening the papers he had carried home. "Oh, I see; it is a lease. I'll copy this for you, Jenkins. I have nothing to do to-night. You take your ease, and go to bed."

And in spite of their calls, Jenkins's protestations against taking up his time and trouble, and Mrs. Jenkins's proffered invitation to partake of tea and broiled fowl, Arthur departed, carrying off the work.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

ELLEN HUNTLEY.

"A pretty time o' day this is to deliver the letters! It's eleven o'clock!"

"I can't help it. The train broke down, and was three hours behind its time."

"I dare say! You letter-men want looking up: that's what it is. Coming to folks' houses at eleven o'clock, when they have been a waiting and looking ever since breakfast time!"

"It's not my fault, I say! Take the letter!"

Judith received it with a grunt, for it was between her and the postman that the colloquy took place. A delay had occurred that morning in the delivery, and Judith was resenting it, feeling half inclined to reject the letter, now that it had come. The letters from Germany arrived irregularly; sometimes by the afternoon's post at four, sometimes by the morning; the only two deliveries in Helstonleigh. A letter had been fully expected this morning, and when the time passed over they supposed there was none.

It was directed to Miss Channing. Judith, who was quite as anxious about her master's health as the children were, went off at once with it to Lady Augusta Yorke's, just as she was, without the ceremony of putting on a bonnet. Though she did wear a mob cap and a check apron, she looked what she was,—a respectable servant in a respectable family; and the Boundaries regarded her as such, as she passed through them, the letter in her hand. Martha, Lady Augusta's housemaid, answered the door, presenting a contrast to Judith. Martha wore a crinoline as big as her lady's, and a starched-out muslin gown over it, with flounces and frillings, for Martha was "dressed" for the day. Her arms, red and large, were displayed beneath her open sleeves, and something that looked like a bit of twisted lace was stuck on the back of her head. Martha called it her "cap."—Judith was a plain servant, and Martha was a fashionable one; but I know which looked the best.

Judith would not give in the letter. She asked for the young mistress, and Constance came to her in the hall.

"Just open it, please, Miss Constance, and tell me how he is," she said, anxiously; and Constance broke the seal of the letter.

"BORCHTTE. HOTEL ROSENBAD, September.

"MY DEAR CHILD:—Still better and better! The improvement, which I told you in my last week's letter had begun to take place so rapidly as to make us fear it was but a deceitful one, turns out to have been real. Will you believe it when I tell you that your papa can *walk!* He can, Constance. With the help of my arm, he can walk across the room and along the passage; and to-morrow he is going to try at getting down the first flight of stairs. None but God can know how thankful I am; not even my children. If this change has taken place in the first month (and it is not yet quite that), what may we not expect in the next—and the next? Your papa is writing to Hamish, and will confirm what I say."

This much Constance read aloud. Judith gave a glad laugh.

"It's just as everybody told the master," said she. "A fine, strong, handsome man like him wasn't likely to be laid down for life like a babby, when he was hardly middle-aged. These doctors here be just so many muffs. When I get too old for work, I'll go to Germany myself, Miss Constance, and ask 'em to make me young again."

Constance smiled. She was running her eyes over the rest of the letter, which was a long one. She caught sight of Arthur's name. There were some loving, gentle messages to him, and then these words: "Hamish says Arthur applied at Dove and Dove's for a clerk's place, but did not come to terms with them. We are pleased that he did not. Papa says he should not like to have one of his boys at Dove and Dove's."

"And here's a little bit for you, Judith," Constance said aloud. "Tell Judith not to be over-anxious in her place of trust; and not to over-work herself, but to let Sarah take her full share. There is no hurry about the bed-furniture; Sarah can do it in an evening at her leisure."

Judith received the latter portion of the message with scorn.

"'Tisn't me that's going to let *her* do it! A fine do it would be, Miss Constance! The first thing I shall see when I go back now will be her head stretched out at one of the windows, and the kidney beans left in the kitchen to string and cut themselves!"

Judith turned to depart. She never would allow any virtues to her helpmate Sarah, who gave about the same trouble to her that young servants of twenty do give to old ones. Constance followed her to the door, saying something which had suddenly occurred to her mind about domestic affairs, when who should she meet coming in but the Rev. William Yorke! He had just left the Cathedral after morning prayers, and was calling in at Lady Augusta's.

Both were confused; both stopped, face to face, in hesitation. Constance grew crimson, Mr. Yorke pale. It was the first time they had met since the parting. There was an angry feeling against Constance in the mind of Mr. Yorke; he considered that she had not treated him with proper confidence; and in his proud nature—the Yorke blood was his—he was content to resent it. He did not look to *lose* Constance eventually; he expected that the present storm would blow over some time, and that things would come right again. We are all too much given to trust to that vague "some time." In Constance's mind there existed a soreness against Mr. Yorke. He had doubted her; he had accepted (if he had not provoked) too readily her resignation of him. Unlike him, she saw no prospect of the future seeing matters to rights; marry him, whilst the cloud lay upon Arthur, she would not, after what he had intimated his opinion and sentiments were; and that cloud could only be lifted at the expense of another.

They exchanged a confused greeting; neither conscious how it passed. Mr. Yorke's attention was then caught by the open letter in her hand—by the envelope bearing the foreign post-marks.

"How is Mr. Channing?" he asked.

"So much better that it seems little short of a miracle," replied Constance. "Mamma says," glancing at the letter, "that he can walk, leaning on her arm."

"I am so glad to hear it! Hamish told me last week that he was improving. I trust it may go on to a cure."

"Thank you," replied Constance.

And she made him a pretty little curtsey of state as she turned away, not choosing to see the hand he fain would have offered her.

Mr. Yorke's voice brought a head and shoulders out at the breakfast-room door.—They belonged to Lord Carrick. He and Lady Augusta were positively at breakfast at that hour of the day. His lordship's eyes followed the light, pretty form of Constance as she disappeared up the staircase on her return to the school-room. William Yorke's were cast in the same direction. Then their eyes—the peer's and the clergyman's—met.

"Ye have given her up, I understand, Master William?"

"Master William" vouchsafed no reply.—He deemed it a little piece of needless impertinence.

"Bad taste!" continued Lord Carrick. "If I were but twenty years younger, and she'd not turn up her nose at me for a big daft of an Irishman, *you'd* not get her, me lad. She's the sweetest little thing I have come across this many a day."

To which the Rev. William Yorke condescended no answer, unless a haughty gesture, expressive of indignation, might be called one, as he brushed past Lord Carrick into the breakfast-room.

At that very hour, and in a breakfast-room also—though all signs of the meal had long been removed—were Mr. Huntley and his daughter. The same epithet of praise, just bestowed by Lord Carrick upon Constance Channing, might with equal justice be given to Ellen Huntley. She was a lovely girl, three or four years older than Harry, with pretty features and soft dark eyes. What's more, she was a good girl—a noble, generous-hearted, good girl, although (you know nobody is perfection) with a spice of self-will. For the latter quality I think Ellen was more indebted to circumstances than to Nature. Mrs. Huntley was dead, and a maiden sister of Mr. Huntley's, older than himself, resided with them and ruled Ellen: ruled her with an over-tight hand; not a kind one, not a judicious one; and that had brought out Miss Ellen's self-will. Miss Huntley was very starched, and prim, and stiff—very unnatural, in short—and she wished to make Ellen the same. Ellen rebelled, for she much disliked everything artificial. She was truthful, honest, straightforward; not unlike the character of Tom Channing. Miss Huntley complained that she was too straightforward to be ladylike; Ellen said she was sure she should never be otherwise than straightforward, so it was of no use trying to be. Then Miss Huntley would take offence, and threaten Ellen with "altering her will," and that would vex Ellen more than anything. Young ladies rarely care for money, especially when they have plenty of it; and Ellen Huntley would have that from her father. "As if I cared for my aunt's money!" she would say. "I wish she may not leave it to me." And she was sincere in the wish. Their controversies frequently amused Mr. Huntley. Agreeing in heart and mind with his daughter, he would yet make a playful show of taking his sister's part. Miss Huntley knew it to be show—done to laugh at her—and would grow as angry with him as she was with Ellen.

Mr. Huntley was not laughing, however, on this morning. On the contrary, he appeared to be in a very serious, not to say solemn mood. He slowly paced the room, as was his custom when anything disturbed him, stopping at moments to reflect, buried in thought. Ellen sat at table by the window, drawing. The house was Mr. Huntley's own—a white villa with a sloping lawn in front. It was situated outside the town, on a gentle eminence, and commanded a view of the charming scenery for which the country was famous.

Ellen, who had glanced up two or three times, concerned to see the very stern, perplexed look on her father's face, at length spoke. "Is anything the matter, papa?"

Mr. Huntley did not answer. He was standing close to the table then, apparently looking at Ellen, at her white morning dress and its blue ribbons: it, and she altogether, a fair picture. Probably, he saw neither her nor her dress—he was too deeply absorbed.

"You are not ill, are you, papa?"

"Ill!" he answered, rousing himself. "No, Ellen, I am not ill."

"Then you have had something to vex you, papa?"

"I have," emphatically replied Mr. Huntley. "And the worst is, that my vexation will not be confined to myself, I believe. It may extend to you, Ellen."

Mr. Huntley's manner was so serious, his look so peculiar as he gazed upon her, that Ellen felt a rush of discomfort, and the color spread itself over her fair face. She jumped to the conclusion that she had been giving offence—that Miss Huntley must have been complaining of her.

"Has my aunt been telling you about last night, papa? Harry had two of the college boys here, and I unfortunately laughed and talked with them, and she said afterwards I had done it on purpose to annoy her. But I assure you, papa—"

"Never mind assuring me, child," interrupted Mr. Huntley. "Your aunt has said nothing to me; and if she had, it would go in at one ear and out at the other. It is worse business than any complaint that she could bring."

Ellen laid down her pencil, and gazed at her father, awe-struck at his strange tone.

"What is it?" she breathed.

But Mr. Huntley did not answer. He remained perfectly still for a few moments, absorbed in thought; and then, without a word of any sort to Ellen, turned short round to leave the room, took his hat as he passed through the hall, and left the house.

Can you guess what it was that was troubling Mr. Huntley? Very probably, if you can put, as the saying runs, that and that together.

Convinced as he was that Arthur Channing was not, could not, be guilty of taking the bank-note, yet puzzled by the strangely tame manner in which he met the charge—confounded by the behavior both of Arthur and Constance relating to it—Mr. Huntley had resolved, if possible, to dive into the mystery. He had his reasons for it. A very disagreeable, a very improbable suspicion, called forth by the facts, had darted across his mind; *therefore* he resolved to penetrate it. And he set to work. He questioned Mr. Galloway, he questioned Butterby, he questioned Jenkins, and he questioned Roland Yorke. He thus became as thoroughly conversant with the details of the transaction as it was possible for any one, save the actual thief, to be; and he drew his own deductions. Very reluctantly, very slowly, very cautiously, were they drawn, but very surely. The behavior of Arthur and Constance could only have one meaning—that they were screening the real culprit, and that culprit must be Hamish Channing.

Unwilling as Mr. Huntley was to admit it, he had no other resource. He grew as certain of it as he was of his own life. He had loved and respected Hamish in no measured degree. He had observed the attachment springing up between him and his daughter, and he had been content to observe it. None were so worthy of her, in Mr. Huntley's eyes, as Hamish Channing, in all respects save one—wealth; and of that Ellen would have plenty. Mr. Huntley had known of the trifling debts that were troubling Hamish, and he found that those debts, immediately on the loss of the bank-note, had been partially satisfied. That the stolen money must have been thus applied, and that it had been taken for that purpose, he could not doubt.

Hamish! It nearly made Mr. Huntley's hair stand on end. That he must be silent over it, as were Hamish's own family, he knew—silent for Mr. Channing's sake. And what about Ellen?

There was the sad, very sad grievance. Whether Hamish went wrong, or whether Hamish went right, it was not of so much consequence to Mr. Huntley; but it might be to Ellen—in fact, he thought it would be. He had risen that morning resolved to hint to Ellen that any particular intimacy with Hamish must cease. But he was strangely indecisive over it; now that the moment was come, he almost doubted, himself, Hamish's guilt. All the improbabilities of the case rose up before him in marked colors; he lost sight of the condemning facts; and it suddenly occurred to him that it was scarcely fair to judge Hamish so completely without speaking to him. "Perhaps he can account to me for the possession of the money which he applied to those debts," thought Mr. Huntley. "If so, in spite of appearances, I will not deem him guilty."

He went out, on the spur of the moment, straight down to the office in Guild street. Hamish was alone, not at all busy, apparently. He was standing up by the fire-place, his elbow on the mantelpiece, a letter from Mr. Channing (no doubt the one alluded to in Mrs. Channing's letter to Constance) in his hand. He received Mr. Huntley with his cordial, sunny smile; spoke of the good news the letter brought, spoke of the accident which had caused the delay of the mail, and finally read out part of the letter, like Constance had to Judith.

It was all very well; but this only tended to embarrass Mr. Huntley. He did not like his task, and the more confidential they got over Mr. Channing's health, the worse it made it for him to enter upon. As chance had it, Hamish himself paved the way. He began telling of an incident which had taken place that morning, to the scandal of the town. A young man, wealthy but improvident, had been arrested for debt. Mr. Huntley had not yet heard of it.

"It stopped his day's pleasure," laughed Hamish. "He was going along with his gun and dogs, intending to pop at the partridges, when he got popped upon himself instead. Poor fellow! it was too bad to spoil his sport. Had I been a rich man, I should have felt inclined to bail him out."

"The effect of running in debt," remarked Mr. Huntley. "By the way, Master Hamish, is there no fear of a like catastrophe for you?" he added, in a tone which Hamish might, if he liked, take for a jesting one.

"For me, sir?" returned Hamish.

"When I left Helstonleigh in June, a certain young friend of mine was not quite free from a suspicion of such liabilities," rejoined Mr. Huntley.

Hamish flushed rosy red. Of all people in the world, Mr. Huntley was the one from whom he would, if possible, have kept that knowledge; but he spoke up readily.

"I did owe a thing or two, it can't be denied," acknowledged he. "Men, better and wiser and richer than I, have owed money before me, Mr. Huntley."

"Suppose they serve you as they have served Jenner this morning?"

"They will not do that," laughed Hamish, seeming very much inclined to make a joke of the matter. "I have squared up some, sufficiently to be on the safe side of danger, and I shall square up the rest."

Mr. Huntley fixed his eyes upon him.

"How did you get the money to do it, Hamish?"

Perhaps it was the plain, unvarnished manner in which the question was put; perhaps it was the intent gaze with which Mr. Huntley regarded him; but certain it is that the flush on Hamish's face deepened to a glowing crimson, and he turned it from Mr. Huntley, saying nothing.

"Hamish, I have a reason for wishing to know."

"To know what, sir?" asked Hamish, as if he would temporize, or stave off the question.

"Where did you get the money that you applied to liquidate, or partially to liquidate, your debts?"

"I cannot satisfy you, sir. The affair concerns no one but myself. I did get it, and that is sufficient."

Hamish had come out of his laughing tone, and spoke as firmly as Mr. Huntley; but that the question had embarrassed him was palpably evident. Mr. Huntley said good-morning, and quitted the office without shaking hands. All his doubts were confirmed.

He went straight home. Ellen was where he had left her, still alone. Mr. Huntley approached her and spoke abruptly.

"Are you willing to give up all intimacy with Hamish Channing?"

She gazed at him in surprise, her complexion changing, her voice faltering.

"Oh, papa! what have they done?"

"Ellen, did I say, 'they?' The Channings are my dear friends, and I hope ever to call them such. They have done nothing unworthy of my friendship or of yours. I said Hamish."

Ellen rose from her seat, unable to subdue her emotion, and stood with her hands clasped before Mr. Huntley. Hamish was far dearer to her than the world knew.

"I will leave it to your good sense, my dear," Mr. Huntley whispered, glancing round, as if not caring that even the walls should hear. "I have liked Hamish very much, or you may be sure he would not have been allowed to come here so frequently. But he has forfeited my regard now, as he must forfeit that of all good men."

She trembled excessively, almost to impede the words, when she would have asked what it was that he had done.

"I scarcely dare to breathe it to you," said Mr. Huntley, "for it is a thing that we must hush up, like the family are hushing it up. When that bank-note was lost, suspicion fell on Arthur."

"Well, papa?" wonderingly resumed Ellen.

"It was not Arthur who took it. It was Hamish. And Arthur is bearing the stigma of it for his father's sake."

Ellen grew pale.

"Papa, who says it?"

"No one *says* it, Ellen. But the facts leave no room to doubt. Hamish's own manner—I have just left him—leaves no room for it. He is indisputably guilty."

Then Ellen's anger, her *straightforwardness* broke forth. She clasped her hands to pain, and her face grew crimson.

"He is *not* guilty, papa. I would answer for it with my own life. How dare they accuse him? how dare they asperse him? Is he not Hamish Channing?"

"Ellen! *Ellen!*"

Ellen burst into a passionate flood of tears.

"Forgive me, papa. If he has no one else to take his part, I will do it. I do not wish to be undutiful; and if you bid me never to see or speak to Hamish Channing again, I will implicitly obey you; but hear him spoken of as guilty, I will not. I wish I could stand up for him against the world."

"After that, Miss Ellen Huntley, I think you had better sit down."

Ellen sat down, and cried until she was calm.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE CONSPIRATORS.

Nothing, of sufficient consequence to record here, occurred for some weeks to the Channing family, or to those connected with them.

October came in; and in a few days would be decided the uncertain question of the seniorship. Gaunt would leave the college on the fifth; and on the sixth the new senior would be appointed. The head master had given no intimation whatever to the school as to which of the three seniors would obtain the promotion, and discussions ran high upon the probabilities—some opined it would be Huntley; some, Gerald Yorke; a very few, Tom Channing. Countenanced by Gaunt and Huntley, as he had been throughout, Tom bore on his way, amid much cabal; but for the circumstance of the senior boy espousing (though not very markedly) his cause, his place would have been unbearable. Hamish attended to his customary duties in Guild Street, and sat up at night as usual in his bed-room, as the light of his candle testified to Judith's eyes. Arthur tried bravely for a situation, and tried in vain; he could get nothing given to him—nobody seemed willing to take him. There was nothing for it but to wait in hopeful patience. He took the organ daily, and copied, at home, the cathedral music. Constance was finding great favor with the Earl of Carrick—but you will hear more about that presently. Jenkins grew more like a shadow day by day.—Roland Yorke went on in his impulsive, scapegrace fashion. Mr. and Mrs. Channing sent home news, hopeful and more hopeful, from Germany. And Charley, unlucky Charley, had managed to get into hot water with the college school.

Thus, uneventfully, had passed the month of September. October was now in, and the sixth rapidly approaching. What with the uncertainty prevailing, the preparation for the examination, which on that day would take place, and a little private matter, upon which some few were entering, the college school had just then a busy and exciting time of it.

Stephen Bywater sat in one of the niches of the cloisters, a pile of books by his side. Around him, in various attitudes, were gathered seven of the most troublesome of the tribe—Pierce, senior; George Brittle; Tod Yorke; Fred Berkeley; Bill Simms; Mark Galloway; and Hurst, who had now left the choir, but not the school. They were hatching mischief. Twilight overhung the cloisters; the autumn evenings were growing long, and this was a gloomy one. Half an hour, at the very least, had the boys been gathered there since afternoon school, holding a council of war in covert tones.

"Paid out he shall be, by hook or by crook," continued Stephen Bywater, who appeared to be President—if talking more than his *confreres* constitutes one. "The worst is, how is it to be done? One can't wallop him."

"Not wallop him!" repeated Pierce senior, who was a bad dispositioned boy, as well as mischievous one. "Why not, pray?"

"Not to any good," said Bywater. "*I* can't, with that delicate face of his. It's like beating a girl."

"That's true," assented Hurst. "No, it won't do to go in for beating; might break his bones, or something. I can't think what's the good of those delicate ones putting themselves into a school of this sort. A parson's is the place for them; eight gentlemanly pupils, treated as a private family, with a mild usher and a lady to teach the piano."

The council burst into a laugh at Hurst's mocking tones, and Pierce senior interrupted it.

"I don't see why he shouldn't—"

"Say she, Pierce," corrected Mark Galloway.

"She, then. I don't see why she shouldn't get a beating, if she deserves it; it will teach her not to try her tricks on again. Let her be delicate; she'll feel it the more."

"It's all bosh about his being delicate.—She's not," vehemently interrupted Tod Yorke, somewhat perplexed, in his hurry, with the personal pronouns. "Charley Channing's no more delicate than we are. It's all in the look. As good say that detestable little villain, Boulter is delicate, because he has got yellow curls. I vote for the beating."

"I'll vote you out of the business, if you show insubordination, Mr. Tod," cried Bywater. "We'll pay out Miss Charley in some way, but it shan't be by beating him."

"Couldn't we lock him up in the cloisters, like we locked up Ketch, and that lot, and leave him there all night?" proposed Berkeley.

"But there'd be the getting the keys?" debated Mark Galloway.

"As if we couldn't get the keys if we wanted to get them!" scoffingly retorted Bywater. "We did old Ketch the other time, and we could do him again. That would not serve the young one out, the locking him up in the cloisters."

"Wouldn't it, though?" said Tod Yorke.—"He'd be dead of fright before morning, he's so mortally afraid of ghosts."

"Afraid of what?" cried Bywater.

"Of ghosts. He's a regular coward about them. He dare not go to bed in the dark for fear of their coming to him. He'd rather have five-and-twenty pages of Virgil to do, than he'd be left alone after nightfall."

The notion so tickled Bywater that he laughed till he was hoarse. Bywater could not understand the being afraid of "ghosts." Had Bywater met a whole army of ghosts, the encounter would only have afforded him pleasure.

"There never was a ghost seen yet, as long as anybody can remember," cried he, when he came out of his laughter. "I'd sooner believe in Gulliver's travels, than I'd believe in ghosts. What a donkey you are, Tod Yorke!"

"It's Charley Channing that's the donkey, not me," cried Tod, fiercely. "I tell you, if we locked him up here for a night, we should find him dead in the morning, when we came to let him out. Let's do it."

"What, to find him dead in the morning!" exclaimed Hurst. "You are a nice one, Tod!"

"Oh, well, I don't mean altogether dead, you know," acknowledged Tod. "But he'd have had a mortal night of it! all his clothes gummed together from fright, I'll lay."

"I don't think it would do," deliberated Bywater. "A whole night—twelve hours, that would be—and in a fright all the time, if he is frightened. Look here! I have heard of folks losing their wits through a thing of the sort."

"I won't go in for anything of that," said Hurst. "Charley's not a bad lot, and he shan't be harmed. A bit of a fright, or a bit of a whacking, not too much of either; that'll be the thing for Miss Channing."

"Tod Yorke, who told you he was afraid of ghosts?" demanded Bywater.

"Oh, I know it," said Tod. "Annabel Channing was telling my sisters about it, for one thing: but I knew it before. We had a servant once who told us so: she had lived at the Channings'. Some nurse frightened him when he was a youngster, and they have never been able to get the fear out of him since."

"What a precious soft youngster he must have been!" said Mr. Bywater.

"She had used to get a ghost and dress it up, and show it off to Miss Charley—"

"Get a ghost, Tod?"

"Bother! you know what I mean," said Tod, testily. "Get a broom, or something of that sort, and dress it up with a mask and wings: and he is as scared over it now as he ever was," concluded Tod. "I don't care what you say."

"Look here!" exclaimed Bywater, starting from his niche, as a bright idea occurred to him. "Let one of us personate a ghost, and appear to him! That would be glorious! It would give him a precious good fright for the time, and no harm done."

If the boys had suddenly found the philosopher's stone, it could scarcely have afforded them so much pleasure as did this idea. It was received with subdued shouts of approbation: the only murmur of dissent to be heard was from Pierce senior. Pierce grumbled that it would not be "half serving him out."

"Yes, it will," said Bywater. "Pierce senior shall be the ghost: he tops us all by a head."

"Hurst is as tall as Pierce senior."

"That he's not," interrupted Pierce senior, who was considerably mollified at the prospective honor being awarded to him. "Hurst is not much above the tips of my ears. Besides, Hurst is fat; and you never saw a fat ghost yet."

"Have you seen many ghosts, Pierce?" mocked Bywater.

"A few—in pictures. Wretched old scarecrows they always are, with a cadaverous face and lantern jaws."

"That's the reason you'll do so well, Pierce," said Bywater. "You are as thin as a French herring, you know, with a yard and a half length of throat."

Pierce received the doubtful compliment flatteringly, absorbed in the fine vista of mischief opening to him. "How shall I get myself up, Bywater?" asked he complaisantly.

"Oh, all in white, of course," said Bywater.

"I know a boy in our village that they served out like that," interposed Bill Sims, who was a country lad, and boarded in Helstonleigh. "They got a great big turnip, and scooped it out and made it into a man's face, and put a light inside, and stuck it on a post where he had to pass at night. He was so frightened that he died."

"Cram!" ejaculated Tod Yorke.

"He did, though," repeated Simms. "They knew him before for an awful little coward, and they did it to have some fun out of him. He didn't say anything at the time; didn't scream, or anything of that; but after he got home he was taken ill, and the next day he died. My father was one of the jury on the inquest. He was a little chap with no father or mother—a plough boy."

"The best thing, if you want to make a ghost," said Tod Yorke, "is to get a tin plate full of salt and gin, and set it alight, and wrap yourself round with a sheet, and hold the plate so that the flame lights up your face. You never saw anything so ghastly. Scooped-out turnips are all bosh!"

"I could bring a sheet off my bed," said Bywater. "Thrown over my arm, they'd think at home I was bringing out my surplice. And if—"

A wheezing and coughing and clanking of keys interrupted the proceedings. It was Mr. Ketch, coming to lock up the cloisters. As the boys had no mind to be fastened in themselves, they gathered up their books, and waited in silence till the porter was close upon them. Then, with a sudden war-whoop, they sprung past him, very nearly startling the old man out of his senses, and calling forth from him a burst of hard words.

The above conversation, puerile and schoolboyish as it may seem, was destined to lead to results all too important; otherwise it would not have been related here. You very likely may have discovered, ere this, that this story of the Helstonleigh college boys is not merely a work of imagination, but taken from facts of real life. Had you been in the cloisters that night with the boys—and you might have been—and heard Master William Simms, who was the son of a wealthy farmer, tell the tale of a boy's being frightened to death, you would have known it to be a true one, if you possessed any acquaintance with the annals of the vicinity. In like manner, the project they were getting up to frighten Charles Channing, and Charles's unfortunate propensity *to be* frightened, are strictly true.

Master Tod Yorke's account of what had imbued his mind with this fear was a tolerably correct one. Charley was somewhat troublesome as a young child, fractious, and the wicked nurse girl who attended upon him (I can call her nothing else) had used to dress up frightful figures to terrify him into quietness. She might not have been able to accomplish this without detection, but that Mrs. Channing was at that time debarred from active superintendence of her household. When Charley was about two years old she fell into ill health, and for eighteen months was almost entirely confined to her room. Judith was much engaged with her mistress, and with household matters and the baby, as Charley was still called, was chiefly left to the mercies of the nurse. Not content with frightening him practically, she instilled into his young imagination the most pernicious stories of ghosts, dreams, and such like absurdities. But, foolish as we know them to be, they are not the less horrible to a child's vivid imagination. At two or three, or four years old, it is eagerly opening to impressions; and things, solemnly related by a mother or a nurse, become impressed upon it almost as with gospel truth. Let the fears once be excited in this terrible way, and not a whole life-time can finally eradicate the evil. I would rather a nurse broke one of my children's limbs, than thus poisoned its fair young mind.

In process of time the girl's work was discovered—discovered by Judith. But the mischief was done. You may wonder that Mrs. Channing should not have been the first to discover it; or that it could have escaped her notice at all, having the child with her often for his early religious instruction; but, one of the worst phases of this state of things is, the shrinking tenacity with which the victim buries the fears within his own breast. He dare not tell his parents; he is taught not; and taught by fear. It may not have been your misfortune to meet with a case of this sort; I hope you never will. Mrs. Channing would observe that the child would often shudder, as with terror, and cling to her in an unaccountable manner; but having no suspicion of the evil, she attributed it to a sensitive, timid temperament. "What is it, my little Charley?" she would say. But Charley would only bury his face all the closer, and keep silence. When Martha—that was the girl's name; not the same Martha who was now living at Lady Augusta's—came for him, he would go with her willingly, cordially. It was not her he feared. On the contrary, he was attached to her, she had taught him to be; and he looked upon her as a protector from those awful ghosts and bogles.

Well, the thing was in time discovered, but the mischief, I say, was done. It could not be eradicated. Charles Channing's judgment and good sense told him that all those bygone terrors were but tricks of that wretched Martha's; but overcome the fear, he could not. All consideration was shown to him; he was never scolded for it, never ridiculed; his brothers and sisters observed to him entire silence upon the subject—even Annabel: and Mr. and Mrs. Channing had done reasoning lovingly with him now. It is not argument that will avail in a case like this. In the broad light of day, Charley could be very brave; would laugh at such tales with the best of them; but when the dark night came, and he was left alone—if he ever was left alone—then all the old terror rose up again, and his frame would shake, and his skin break out into drops, and he would throw himself on the bed or the floor, and hide his face; afraid of the darkness, and what he might see in it. He was as utterly unable to prevent or subdue this fear, as he was to prevent his own breathing. He knew it, in the sunny morning light, to be a foolish fear, entirely without reason; but, in the lonely night, there it came again, and he could not combat it.

Thus it is easy to understand that the very worst subject for a ghost trick to be played upon, was Charles Channing. It was, however, going to be done. The defect—for it really is a defect—had never transpired to the College school, who would not have spared their ridicule, or spared Charley. Reared, in that point, under happier auspices, they could have given nothing but utter ridicule to the fear. Chattering Annabel, in her thoughtless communications to Caroline and Fanny Yorke, had not bargained for their reaching the ears of Tod, and Tod, when the report did reach his ears, remembered to have heard the tale before; until then it had escaped his memory.

Charley had got into hot water with some of the boys. Bywater had been owing him a grudge for weeks, on account of Charley's persistent silence touching what he had seen the day the surplice was inked; and now there arose another grudge, on Bywater's score, and also on that of others. There is not space to enter into the particulars of the affair; it is sufficient to say that some underhand work, touching cribs, came to the knowledge of one of the under-masters—and came to him through Charley Channing.

Not that Charley went open-mouthed, and told; there was nothing of that disreputable character—which the school held in especial dislike—the sneak, about Charles Channing; Charley would have bitten his tongue out first. By an unfortunate accident Charles was pinned by the master, and questioned; and he had no resource but to speak out. In honor, in truth, he could not do otherwise; but the consequence was—punishment to the boys; and they turned bitter against him.—School-boys are not famous for being swayed by the rules of strict justice; and they forgot to remember that in Charles Channing's place they would (at any rate, most of them) have felt bound to do the same. They visited the accident upon him, and were determined—as you have heard them express it in their own phrase—to "serve him out."

Leaving this decision to fructify, let us turn to Constance. Lady Augusta Yorke—good-hearted in the main, liberal natured, swayed by every impulse like the wind—had been particularly kind to Constance and Annabel Channing during the absence of their mother. Evening after evening she would insist upon their spending at her house, Hamish—one of Lady Augusta's lasting favorites, probably from his good looks—being pressed into the visit with them by my lady. Hamish was nothing loth. He had given up indiscriminate evening visiting; and, since the coolness which had arisen in the manner of Mr. Huntley, Hamish did not choose to go much to Mr. Huntley's, where he had been a constant visitor before, and he found his evenings hang somewhat heavily on his hands. Thus Constance saw a good deal of the Earl of Carrick; or, it may be more to the purpose to say, the Earl saw a good deal of her.

For the Earl grew to like her very much indeed. He grew to think that if she would only consent to become his wife, he should be the happiest man in ould Ireland; and one day, impulsive in his actions as was ever Lady Augusta, he told Constance so, in that lady's presence.

Constance—much as we may regret to hear it of her—behaved in by no means a dignified manner. She laughed over it. When brought to understand, which she was some little time doing, that she was actually paid that high compliment, she laughed in the Earl's face.—He was as old as her father; and Constance had certainly regarded him much more in the light of a father than a husband.

"I do beg your pardon, Lord Carrick," she said, apologetically, "but I think you must be laughing at me."

"Laughing at ye!" said the Earl. "It's not I that would do that. I'd like ye to be Countess of Carrick to-morrow, my dear, if ye can only get over me fifty years and me gray hair. Here's me sister—she knows that I'd like to have ye. It's you that are laughing at me, Miss Constance; at me ould locks."

"No, indeed, indeed, it is not at that," said Constance, while Lady Augusta sat with an impassive countenance. "I don't know why I laughed. It so took me by surprise; that was why, I think. Please do not say any more about it, Lord Carrick."

"Ye could not like me as well as ye like William Yorke? Is that it, child?"

Constance grew crimson. Like him as she liked William Yorke!

"Ye're the nicest girl I have seen since Kathleen Blake," resumed the straightforward, simple Earl. "She promised to have me; she said she liked me gray hair better than brown, and me fifty years better than thirty; but, while I was putting the place a bit in order for her, she went and married a young Englishman. Did ye ever see him, Augusta?"—turning to his sister. "He is a baronet; he came somewhere from these parts."

Lady Augusta intimated stiffly that she had not the honor of the baronet's acquaintance. She thought her brother was making a simpleton of himself, and had a great mind to tell him so.

"And since Kathleen Blake went over to the enemy, I have not seen anybody that I'd care to look twice at, till I came here and saw you, Miss Constance," resumed the Earl. "And if ye can only get to overlook the natural impediments on my side, and not mind my being poor, I'd be delighted, my dear, if yo'd say the word."

"You are very kind, very generous, Lord Carrick," said Constance, in an impulse of feeling; "but I can only beg you never to ask me such a thing again."

"Ah! well, child, I see ye're in earnest," good-naturedly responded the Earl, as he gave it up. "I was afraid ye'd only laugh at me. I knew I was too old."

And that was the beginning and the ending of Lord Carrick's wooing. Scarcely worth recording, you will think. But there was a reason for doing so.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

NEWS ITEMS.

GOV. SPRAGUE, of Rhode Island, has been elected Senator from that state. He had 93 out of 103 votes; no candidate was named against him. Gov. Sprague takes the place of Senator Simmons.

IT is charged that the trustworthy gentleman in Gen. Halleck's army, who has for some time furnished news of our movements to Beauregard, is the brother of Gov. Yates of Illinois. This brother fell in love with one or two sisters named Irwin, who pretended to be loyal, but were really rebels. Fascinated by them he was made to reveal the secrets of the army, which were at once conveyed to the wrong side. *Omnia vincit amor.*—*N. Y. Tribune.*

THE vote of the Ninth District of Illinois, (Egypt,) for member of Congress, to succeed John A. Logan, was as follows: William J. Allen, peace Democrat, 4,795; Samuel S. Marshall, regular Democrat, about 4,000; Ishman G. Haynie, Union democrat, 4,053; all others 594. Mr. Allen was a member of the late constitutional convention.

COTTON AND TOBACCO.—The Nashville *Union* of the 24th instant, says: Large quantities of tobacco arrive here daily on the cars from the interior. Cotton keeps pouring in.

A GERMAN woman at Winsted, Connecticut, thinks "we in this country don't know anything about war yet." During the existence of a war in Germany, she was compelled to work in a blacksmith's shop for three years, so scarce were men.

A SAILOR'S DESCRIPTION OF THE NAVAL ENGAGEMENT BELOW NEW ORLEANS.—One of the crew of the United States steamer Mississippi, writing home a description of the naval fight below New Orleans, describes the fall of shot and shell around the vessel with the following quaint illustration:—"You must imagine yourself in a heavy hail storm, the roof off your house, while somebody had borrowed your umbrella, and you will have a faint idea of the way the shot fell around us. One shot went through the shell room of the vessel, killing two instantly, and wounding seven."

THE CALL FOR THE THREE MONTHS VOLUNTEERS COUNTERMANDED.—Governor Curtin has countermanded the call for three months volunteers; only those enlisting for the war will be required. The necessity which seemed to require the call for service from all the military organizations no longer exists.

THE President recently sent a message to the House, in which he takes upon himself and Cabinet the responsibility of the measure (Cumming's affair) for which the late Secretary Cameron was censured.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN does not deem it expedient to lay before the House the correspondence relative to the condition of Mexico.

PEACE COMMISSIONERS.—Captain Boyce, of the Tenth Ohio regiment, who has arrived at Evansville, Ind., from Huntsville, Ala., states that Gen. Mitchell has granted passes to John Bell and Jere. Clemens to visit Washington for the purpose of making arrangements for re-establishing peace in the southwest.—*Baltimore Sun.* (Doubtful.)

PAY OF UNCLE SAM'S SERVANTS.—Major-Generals, $457 per month; Brigadier Generals, $314.50; Colonels of Engineers and dragoons, $220; Lieutenant Colonels of the same, $200; Colonels of Artillery and Infantry, $213; Lieutenant Colonels, $188; Majors of Engineers, $181; Captains, $134.50; Lieutenants, first and second, $125.83. In the Artillery and Infantry, Majors receive $169; Captains, $115.50; First Lieutenants, $108.50; Second Lieutenants, $105.50. Lieut. General Scott's monthly pay is $758. This added to his rations and servants' wages, would make $924.

THERE is a vineyard near Huntingdon, in this state, in which one thousand grape-vines have been planted to yield grapes for making wine.

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, May 31, 1862.

Alabama	50 dis.	Missouri	2 to 50 dis
Canada	¼ par	Nebraska	—
Connecticut	¼ dis.	New Brunswick	10 dis.
Delaware	¼ dis.	New Hampshire	¼ dis.
Dist. of Columbia	¼ dis.	New Jersey	par to ¼ dis.
Florida	— dis.	N. Y. City par to 1-50 prem.	
Georgia	50 dis.	New York state	¼ dis.
Illinois	2 to 25 dis.	North Carolina	50 dis.
Indiana	1 to 5 dis.	Nova Scotia	10 dis.
Iowa	1 dis.	Ohio	¼ dis.
Kansas	—	Penna. par to 60 dis.	
Kentucky	1 to 30 dis.	Rhode Island	¼ dis.
Louisiana	50 dis.	South Carolina	50 dis.
Maine	¼ dis.	Tennessee	50 dis.
Maryland	1 to 1 dis.	Texas	—
Massachusetts	¼ dis.	Vermont	¼ dis.
Michigan	½ dis.	Virginia	4 to 45 dis.
Minnesota	—	Wisconsin	2 to 45 dis.
Mississippi	—		

FARRAGUT AND MEMPHIS.—A party of deserters who left Memphis on Saturday, 24th ultimo, report that a dispatch had just been received from Vicksburg, announcing that Flag-officer Farragut's gun-boat fleet was then passing that place on its way up the river. The distance from Vicksburg to Memphis is 400 miles, and could not be easily traversed by Farragut in less than a week, owing to the scarcity of fuel along the route—all the coal-barges and wood-yards having been destroyed by order of the rebel Government.

A report has obtained some currency on the Mississippi flotilla, that Memphis has already been occupied by Farragut's forces.

TO EXCURSIONISTS.—It is important that those who go on excursions for pleasure or health should make some provisions against the attacks of bowel diseases, which not only cause them great inconvenience, but are sometimes fatal in their results. A bottle of PERRY DAVIS'S PAIN KILLER is, we have found, a most effectual remedy against such attacks. Visitors to Montreal and Quebec are subject to the kind of diarrhœa called the Montreal Cholera, against which the Pain Killer is a sure remedy.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The market for Flour continues dull and unsettled. Some 7000 bbls have been taken for export, at irregular rates, including standard and good superfine, in small lots, at $4,75@5, the latter for selected Penna; 3000 bbls good round hoop northwestern extra family at $5@5,12½; 1200 bbls, mostly good Ohio do, at $5,25@5,50; 400 bbls fancy do at $6, and 600 bbls Jenny Lind family on terms kept private. The sales to the trade have been light within the above range of prices, and fancy brands at $6,25@6,75 ₱ bbl, as in quality. Rye Flour is lower, with small receipts and sales at $3,85 ₱ bbl. Corn Meal is quiet, and the receipts light; about 1000 bbls Brandywine sold, mostly at $2,90 ₱ bbl, which is an advance, and 400 bbls Penna at $2,62½, at which rate it is offered.

GRAIN—The receipts of Wheat are moderate, prices are unsettled and drooping. Sales reach about 40,000 bus, taken for milling and shipment, at 115@124 for common to good and choice Penna Reds, in store and afloat, chiefly at 120@123c, afloat; 120@128c for Southern do, and 130@140c for White, as in quality, including 15,000 bus of the latter, prime Kentucky, mostly on terms kept private. Rye is also rather lower, and 6000 bus Penna sold at 68@69c. Corn comes in slowly, and prime meets with a good demand at rather better prices, with sales of 42,000 bus to note at 58@59c for Southern Yellow, afloat; 45@50c for inferior lots, which are very unsaleable; 52@53c for Penna, in store, and 60@63c for White, as in quality. Oats are also better, with but few offering, and about 25,000 bus sold at 37@38c for Western and Penna, and 36c for Delaware. Barley and Malt remain quiet, and prices about the same.

PROVISIONS continue dull and unsettled; there is very little demand for barrelled Meats, and prices range at $13,25@13,75 for mess Pork, and 12@15 ₱ barrel for mess Beef—the latter for city packet. Of Bacon the sales are also limited at 4½@5c for Shoulders and 5½@8c for plain and fancy Hams; Sides are scarce and worth 6½@7c; Green Meats are less active, and holders generally are free sellers at 4½@4¾c for Shoulders in salt, and 5½@6¼c for Hams, in salt and pickle—the latter for fancy cured; Sides are worth 6@6½c. Lard is but little inquired for, and generally held above the views of buyers, who only offer 5½@5¾c for prime western in tierces, and 5¾@6¼c for kegs, cash and time; country packed is selling at 7¼@7½c. Butter is dull at 12@13c for roll, and 8@9 for packed. Cheese is steady at 7@8c ₱ lb. Eggs are better, and worth 10@11c ₱ dozen.

COTTON—The market has been quite excited this week, and holders have put up their prices 2@3c ₱ lb, the stock on sale being very light, and the demand good, sales reaching some 500 bales, in small lots, within the range of 27@32c cash, the latter for good middlings.

ASHES are firm with a small business doing at full rates.

BARK—The receipts continue light and the market firm, with further small sales of Quercitron at $33½ for 1st No 1, at which rate it is wanted. Tanners' Bark is also wanted at $11@12 for Chestnut, and $13@14 for Spanish Oak.

BEESWAX continues scarce, and good yellow is worth 33c ₱ lb.

COAL—There is a good demand for Anthracite which is scarce and on the advance. Orders from the East come in freely, the scarcity of vessels limiting operations.

COFFEE—The receipts and stocks continue light, and holders are firm in their views, but buyers come forward slowly, and only about 1800 bags have been disposed of, in small lots, at 18½@21c for common to good and prime Rio; 21@21¼c for Laguayra, and 21c for Jamaica all on the usual credit.

COPPER is unchanged and dull, with further sales of Yellow Metal at 22c, and nails 25c, on time.

FEATHERS continue scarce and high, with a limited business only to note in Western at 40@42c.

FRUIT—Domestic Dried Fruit continues neglected and dull, and prices about the same.

HAY is plenty and dull, Timothy selling at 60@70c the 100 lbs, which is a decline.

HEMP—There is no change in price or demand, and the stock is nearly all in the hands of the manufacturers.

HOPS—The demand is limited, and prices range at 15@18c ₱ lb for Eastern and Western.

IRON—There is not much movement in Pig Metal, but holders are firm in their demands, and about 2000 tons have been disposed of at $22 for Anthracite No. 1, and $21 for No. 2, on time, including 800 tons charcoal at a price kept private. For manufactured Iron the inquiry continues good and prices firm.

LEAD is firmer; 500 pigs (galena sold at the close of last week at 6¼c ₱ lb, cash, but holders now ask more, and about 1100 pigs sold on terms kept private.

LUMBER—The Market is steady, with further sales of white and yellow Pine Boards, at $15@16 for the former, and $12@14 for the latter. 500,000 Laths sold at $1,25, and 100,000 Pickets at $5@6,50 ₱ M.

MOLASSES is firm, with but little prime offering, and 400 hhds have been disposed of at 24@25c for clayed, 27@31c for Muscovado, and 37@39c for Porto Rico, all on the usual credit.

PLASTER is arriving and selling in lots as wanted at about $2, 25@2,50 ₱ ton.

RICE—There is little or no Carolina offering, and we quote it nominally at 7@7¼c. East India is selling as wanted, at 5¾@6¼c, as to quality.

SEEDS are quiet, the active season being over, but Clover seed, if here, it is said, would readily command $4,50 ₱ bushel. Timothy is also wanted, at $1,75@1,87½ ₱ bushel, and little or none offering. Flaxseed is worth $3 ₱ bushel for crushing.

SPIRITS—There is very little doing in Brandy and Gin, and prices are firm. N. E. Rum is selling as wanted at 30@30c. Whiskey has been unsettled and less active, but closed firm, bbls selling moderately at 24@25c for Pennsylvania and Ohio, and drudge at 23c.

SUGARS—Prices are fully sustained, and firm, and the market very active this week, with further sales of about 2000 hhds at 6¾@7¼c for refining, 7¼@8c for grocery Cuban, and 5¾@6¾c for Porto Rico, on time. The bulk of the sales were of the former description.

TALLOW continues in demand and scarce, with further sales of city at 9c, and country at 8c ₱ lb.

TOBACCO—The stocks of all kinds are very much reduced, and there is but little movement in Leaf or Manufactured to alter quotations; of Seed Leaf some small sales are reported on terms kept private.

WOOL—The new clip has not yet commenced to come forward in any quantity, and a few small lots have been picked up at 25c@30c for unwashed, and 40@43c for washed, but buyers generally are holding off for lower prices, and some small sales are reported, mostly at 45c net for fine fleece.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to 1236 head. Sold for 8, 8½, and 9 cents per pound. 90 Cows found buyers at from $18 to 30 ₱ head. 4800 head of Sheep were disposed of at $4 to 4,50 ₱ cwt. gross. 950 Hogs sold at from $4,50 to 5 ₱ cwt. net.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 22d instant, by the Rev. George A. Durborrow, Mr. THOMAS STONE to Miss REBECCA STEWART, all of this city.

On the 20th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Doolittle, Mr. GEORGE W. ELLIS to Miss HENRIETTA ROBINSON, both of this city.

On the 9th of March, by the Rev. Samuel Durborrow, Mr. SAMUEL E. HAMM to Miss MARY E. SIDDONS, all of this city.

On the 30th of May, by the Rev. W. Cathcart, Mr. JAMES PENICKS to Miss MARY MONTAGUE, both of Philadelphia.

On the 19th day of August, 1850, by the Rev. J. C. Clay, D. D., Mr. ISAAC A. KING to Mrs. HARRIET JOSEPH, both of Lewistown, Del.

On the 14th of April, by the Rev. William Barnes, Mr. WILLIAM H. WADE to Miss ANNIE E. KISSLIST, all of this city.

On Monday evening, May 26th, by the Rev. Mr. Robbins, Mr. JOSEPH WATFORD to ELIZABETH WATKINS, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On Tuesday morning, May 27th, BESSIE WARD, daughter of the late J. M. Duncan Chambers, M. D., and grand daughter of the Rev. John Chambers, of this city, in the 10th year of her age.

On the 27th instant, at Epsom, Baltimore county, Maryland, ELIZABETH ANN, wife of Henry B. Chew, Esq., and daughter of the late Robert Ralston, Esq.

On Monday, 30th instant, Madame ACELIE F. GUILLOU, in the 83d year of her age.

On Tuesday evening, 27th instant, HARRIET T., daughter of Theodore and Emily McMurtrie, in the fourth year of her age.

On Tuesday morning, May 27th, JOSEPH M. SIMONS, in the 59th year of his age.

On Sunday evening, 25th instant, Mrs. ELIZABETH WHITEHEAD, in the 79th year of her age.

On the 30th instant, EDWARD GRAHAM, in the 26th year of his age.

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Wit and Humor.

SKEDADDLE.

The shades of night were falling fast,
As through a Southern village passed
A youth, who bore, not over nice,
A banner with the gay device,
Skedaddle!

His hair was red; his toes beneath
Peeped, like an acorn from its sheath,
While with a frightened voice he sung
A burden strange to Yankee tongue,
Skedaddle!

He saw no household fire, where he
Might warm his tod or hominy;
Beyond, the Cordilleras shone;
And from his lips escaped a groan,
Skedaddle!

"Oh, stay," a cullered pusson said,
"An' on dis bosom res' your hod!"
The Octoroon she winked her eye,
But still he answered, with a sigh,
Skedaddle!

"Beware McClellan, Buell, and Banks,
Beware of Halleck's deadly ranks!"
This was the planter's last Good Night,
The chap replied, far out of sight,
Skedaddle!

At break of day, as several boys
From Maine, New York, and Illinois,
Were moving southward, in the air
They heard these accents of despair,
Skedaddle!

A chap was found, and at his side
A bottle, showing how he died,
Still grasping in his hand of ice,
That banner with the strange device,
Skedaddle!

There in the twilight, thick and gray,
Considerably played out he lay:
And through the vapor, gray and thick,
A voice fell, like a rocket stick,
Skedaddle!

—*Vanity Fair.*

MR. KALES GOES A COURTING.

Mr. Kales walks around the corner to see the widow Peel.

"Widder, I have got a house and home, and everything around me calculated to make a poor widower happy, but one indispensable article," and he gave a significant wink and bowed to the lady.

"That is a hen-house, I suppose. Mr. Kales, when do you think of building?"

"Now, widder, that is too bad! But seeing how yer look kind o' lonesum here by yerself suppose yer take my corner?"

"Your corner, Mr. Kales! your corner! Pray explain yourself! I am sitting quite comfortable in the rocking-cheer, and you are on a stool. Will you have a cussion to sit on?"

"Now, Widder Peel, I jist mean to be candid. We are past the days of coquitry, and I am tired living without a mate."

"Mr. Kales, can you see to read without spectacles? You are holding that paper monstrus close to your eyes."

"Deer Missus Peel, you are trifling with my feelings, seeing how I am interested in your welfare. Coming to the point, madum, will you carry my keys?"

"Lor' me, Mr. Kales! I did not know you had a lock in your house! When did you make sich an improvement?"

"Blame my stars, widder, yer as mighty hard to court—you shy wuss than a gal! Cum, my purty Polun duck, do you reckon I can get married?"

"Lor'! lor'! lor'! Mr. Kales, I s'pose you know how to proceed about the matter, seeing as how you have been married wunce. You fust have to get the woman's consent; then you must fix on the day, and just speak to the parson to tie the knot, and that is all."

"Thank, you, Widder Peel! thank you for sich incouragement! You must understand me—I am raily consarned about yer wilfare. I am in the highest state of falecity. I am happy as a drownin' horse pulled out of a mill-pond."

"Mr. Kales, you are too extrivigant in your expressions. Lor'! lor'! what has exhalarated your sperits so high?"

"Now, my shy Polun duck, lets not flurt any longer. Tell me when you'll be my little hunny of a wife? yes, that is it—my dear hunny wife? Name the happy day."

"You old gander, I knowed you in your fust wife's lifetime, seeing how you was so huffish, and peevish, and snortin' round. Now you have got on a fine plated-busom shirt and a bran new broadcloth suit! You old gray rat, you had better go home and stay thar till your good old broken-hearted wife's shoe-tracks git washed out of the yard, and her grave gits cold, and don't darkin my door agin."

Mr. Kales puts on his sleek hat and slopes.

A TAVERN SIGN.—"My dear," said an affectionate husband, "you are good at contriving things; I wish you would contrive some suitable design to paint on the sign of our new tavern."

"I'll do no such thing; I don't like your going to tavern-keeping. It's a dirty business, and the temperance men are making such a fuss about it, that it will soon come to nothing."

"There is no use talking, for my mind is made up. I've got a license and paid for it, and must use it. I want something neat and appropriate to paint on the sign."

"Well, I'll tell you what. Make a big horn, and paint yourself crawling out of the *little end* of it."

☞ A SHARP BOY.—Gent on horseback to boy on a donkey—"Get out of the way, boy, get out of the way! my horse don't like donkeys!" Boy—"Doan't he? Then, why doan't he kick thee off?"

THE NEW TAX BILL.

SCHEDULE No. 2.

VERY MISCELLANEOUS.—For kissing a pretty girl, $1. For kissing a homely one, $2—the extra amount being added, probably, as a punishment for the man's folly. For ladies kissing one another, $10: the tax is placed at this rate in order to break up the custom altogether, it being regarded by our M. C.'s as an inexcusable piece of absurdity.

For every flirtation, 10 cents. Every young man who has more than one "girl" is taxed $5. For courting in the kitchen, 25 cents.—Courting in the sitting-room, 50 cents. Courting in the parlor, $1. Courting in a romantic place, $5, and 50 cents for each offence thereafter.

Seeing a lady home from church, 25 cents for each offence. Seeing her home from the dime society, 5 cents—the proceeds to be appropriated to the relief of disabled army chaplains.

From a lady who paints, 50 cents. For wearing low-necked dresses, $1. For each curl in a lady's head above ten, 5 cents. For every unfair device for entrapping young men into the sin of matrimony, $5. For wearing hoops larger than ten feet in circumference, 8 cents for each hoop.

Old bach's over thirty are taxed $10. Over forty, $20. Over fifty, $50, and sentenced to banishment in Utah.

Each pretty woman is to be taxed, according to good looks, from 25 cents to $25, she to fix the estimate of her own beauty; it is thought that a very large amount will be realized from this provision.

Each boy baby, 50 cents. Each girl baby, 10 cents. Families having more than eight babies are not to be taxed.

GIVING GOOD ADVICE TO A BURGLAR.—A jolly old sport, of our acquaintance, who resides in the neighborhood of Washington Square, and has a minister of the gospel for a next door neighbor, was awakened by a noise at the lower door of his house, a few nights ago, and cautiously raising the parlor-window, espied a burglar at work in the basement yard below.

"Look here, my worthy friend," says old Bob, "you've made a mistake in the number of the house. I haven't got a cent; and besides, I'm one of your kind; I'm on it myself. But there's a fellow next door that's got lots of 'soap' and diamonds, and *more good clothes!* Go and rob him, and I'm in with you."

It is needless to say the burglar sneaked off without "making the rifle."

AN ADROIT PRELATE.—A young lady in company with a right reverend prelate consented, after a long and coy resistance, to be led to the piano. When she sang, it was so badly that, as she finished, no one was found with sufficient heroism to express to the fair executant the collective thanks of the audience. In this straight his lordship arose, and crossing the room, said, with his sweetest smile—

"Thank you, Miss ——, very particularly. Another time, when you say you can't sing, we shall all know how to believe you."

THE PERILS OF THE UNFORTUNATE.

You have hitherto earned with some exertion your own bread and that of your family; but suddenly employment fails, or your health give way, or your usual resources vanish. This is an opportunity which the devil will not neglect to improve. He will not dare to propose to you to deceive, or to steal; but he will say, "Has God, thy Father, no other banquet for thee but those stones, and those thorns, amidst which he allows thee to vegetate? Well, since He forsakes thee, help thyself; be not afraid of wandering a little from the beaten track, and of providing for thy wants by some of those means about which you are too scrupulous. Speculate; try the dazzling chances of the gambling-table; be less exact respecting the choice of thy acquaintances; command this stone that it may be made bread." Let your answer be, "The God whom I serve can deliver me!" and He will deliver me; but if not, I will not turn aside from his paths; and should I die of hunger, I will "abstain from every appearance of evil!"

TRADITION: A QUIET EVENING GAME.—In home circles where quiet, social amusements are enjoyed, the following "game" will be found both sensible and instructive, and never fails, also, to afford much entertainment. It is called Tradition; and it shows how rapidly reports change in passing from mouth to mouth, and how wise it is not to believe all that comes to us only by heresay. Any number of persons, from half a dozen upwards, can take part in it. It consists in passing a story round the circle, and marking the transformations it undergoes. The starter of it should write out beforehand some terse and pointed anecdote or tale, which is not likely to be familiar to any one present. He then takes one of the party aside, and relates it to him in a whisper, to the best of his recollection. This one in like manner relates it to a second, and so on, till all have had a turn. The last one tells it aloud as it reached him, and then the original is read out. It is generally almost impossible to recognize the one in the other, for it will be found that both addition and subtraction have been unwittingly practised. The point of the story is pretty sure to be lost sight of altogether, and sometimes an entirely new one will be fitted to it. No one who has not tried the experiment would imagine the extent to which this takes place, even in a company of intelligent people, who all do their best to preserve the tale unchanged; though, by comparing notes afterwards, the source of the various divergences can generally be discovered. This game is sure to cause much merriment, but is, of course, beyond the powers of most children. A good deal depends on the judicious choice of a subject.

GENTLEMAN.—"Two cents! Oh, then, I won't have an extra. I've only got a penny."

NEWSBOY.—"Pray don't mention it, sir. Never mind the hextra penny. I respects genteel poverty."

LEARN TO THE LAST.

Socrates at an extreme age learned to play on musical instruments, for the purpose of resisting the wear and tear of old age.

Cato, at eighty years of age, thought proper to learn the Greek language.

Plutarch, when between seventy and eighty, commenced the study of Latin.

Boccaccio was thirty-five years of age when he commenced his studies in polite literature; yet he became one of the three great masters of the Tuscan dialect, Dante and Petrarch being the other two. There are many among us ten years younger than Boccaccio, who are dying of *ennui*, and regret that they were not educated to a taste for literature; but now they are *too old*.

Sir Henry Spelman neglected the sciences in his youth, but commenced the study of them when he was between fifty and sixty years of age. After this time he became a most learned antiquarian and lawyer. Our young men begin to think of laying their seniors on the shelf when they have reached sixty years of age. How different the present estimate put upon experience from that which characterized a certain period of the Grecian republic, when a man was not allowed to open his mouth in political meetings who was under forty years of age.

Colbert, the famous French minister, at sixty years of age returned to his Latin and law studies. How many of our college-learnt men have ever looked into their classics since their graduation.

Ludovico, at the age of 115, wrote the memoirs of his own times. A singular exertion, noticed by Voltaire, who was himself one of the most remarkable instances of the progress of age in new studies.

Ogilby, the translator of Homer and Virgil, unacquainted with Latin and Greek till he was past fifty.

Franklin did not fully commence his philosophical pursuits till he had reached his fiftieth year. How many among us of thirty, forty, and fifty, who read nothing but newspapers for the want of a taste for natural philosophy. But they are *too old to learn*.

Accorso, a great lawyer, being asked why he began the study of law so late, answered that indeed he began it late, but he should therefore master it the sooner. This agrees with our theory, that healthy old age gives the man the power of accomplishing a difficult study in much less time than would be necessary to one of half his years.

Dryden, in his sixty-eighth year, commenced the translation of the Iliad; and his most pleasing productions were written in his old age.

We could go on and cite thousands of examples of men who commenced a new study and struck out into an entirely new pursuit, either for livelihood or amusement, at an advanced age. But every one familiar with the biography of distinguished men will recollect individual cases enough to convince him that none but the sick and indolent will ever say, *I am too old too study.*

RATS EVERYWHERE.

Rats feed and labor in the dark; they shun the approach of man. If we enter a barn or a granary, where hundreds are living, we shall not observe any, unless we disturb them in their hiding-places. If we go to a rick that may be one living mass within, (a thing by no means uncommon,) we shall not see one; or if we dive into a cellar that may be perfectly infested, the result is the same—unless, perchance, a stray one may scud across for a more safe retreat. Hence it is that men seldom think of rats, because they rarely see them; but if rats could by any means be made to live on the surface of the earth instead of in holes and corners, and feed and run about the streets and fields in open day, like dogs and sheep, the whole nation would be horror-stricken; and ultimately there would not be a man, woman or child but would have a dog, stick or gun, to effect their destruction, wherever they met with them.

☞ According to Gladstone's last budget, the annual revenue of England for 1861–62 was $348,000,000, the actual expenditure $354,000,000—leaving a deficiency of $6,000,000. England's taxes in time of peace, would be more than enough for us in time of war.

Agricultural.

HOW TO PROPAGATE CURRANTS.—In order to raise currant bushes from cuttings so that they may have a clean stem and but one set of roots, and those at the lower end, like seedlings, I take a cutting about ten inches long, and prepare it in the usual way, by cutting off the lower end square. I then cut out the buds or eyes, excepting the three or four uppermost ones, which are reserved to make the top. I then stretch a line, start the cuttings by its side, eight inches apart in the row, their ends one inch in the ground, and mould them up four or five inches in depth, like corn-hills when planted in drills. When they become well established by having roots, which will be in mid-summer, level the mould of earth back to its former place. Should any roots have started from the intended stem, clean them off and plant them out at one year old.

The advantage of growing bushes in the above manner is that they will not send up suckers as those do that have been grown by setting the cuttings deep in the ground, and allowing two or more sets of roots to grow.—*Country Gentleman.*

FACTS FOR POOR FARMERS.—"Those farmers who have most difficulty to make ends meet always plough most, and keep most stock. Now, these men take the true plan to keep themselves always poor, because their crops and stock are always poor, and bring little." So writes John Johnston to the Secretary of the New York State Society, and he thus illustrates his statement:—"It is good profit to raise 300 bushels of wheat from ten acres, but when it takes thirty acres to raise that amount, it is raised at a loss. So it is with cattle and sheep. You will see the thinking farmer making four-year-old steers worth from $60 to $80 each, and his neighbors, at the same age, worth not over $25 to $40." His advice to the latter is, "if his land is exhausted, he should plough no more than he can thoroughly manure. Seed with clover and grass, and let it rest, and that field will not only pay for tillage, but it will furnish manure (if rightly managed) to make another field of the same size rich also. And then keep it rich; do not run it with grain until again exhausted, or the latter end of that land will be worse than the first."

DURABLE FENCE POSTS.—We have, from time to time, published numerous facts, to prove that posts put in the ground *top end down*, will last longer than when placed the other way. We now add another to the list. Yesterday we met William A. Otis, Esq., of this city, when he told us that he had just been removing some post and rail fence, which he built twenty-four years ago. The fence posts, set then butt down, were nearly rotted off in ten years, when new ones were set, in the same way, below the old ones, in the middle of each panel, and the old ones allowed to remain. The posts set fourteen years ago were now all rotted; but some gate posts, set twenty-four years, *accidentally* with the *top in the ground*, are perfectly sound their entire length, and will probably last *twenty-four years more!* We might state that the gate posts were cut off at the forks of the trees, which made the *upper end largest*, and hence the *largest* end was placed in the ground.

THE APPLE TREE BORER.—The editor of the *Gardener's Monthly* recently visited a friend who is famous for the abundance of his apple crop, and who informed him that his entire success depended upon *keeping out the Borer*. This he accomplishes by merely keeping the soil scraped away from the trunk down to the bare roots all the year round, summer and winter. Surely this is plain and simple enough for anybody to understand, and we trust those who wish to raise a crop of apples will try it.

TRAINING COLTS.—Lambart Maynard, owner of "Trotting Childers," who has had much experience in raising and training colts, states that "his colts are all broken to the harness before they are a year old, or as he more properly expressed it, educated. He rarely, if ever, uses a whip. As to its injuring them to use them so young, he remarks that he never exercises them so hard as they exercise themselves when alone."

PLANTING OUT EVERGREENS.—The *Ohio Farmer* says, "Evergreens and shrubs should be taken up for transplanting after they have begun to grow, and the new growth is *two or three inches long.*" We think that our cotemporary will find his mistake with the shrubs, though we admit that with very careful transplanting, and under favorable circumstances, a shrub or even tree can be moved at almost any time. As to evergreens, we have transplanted them in August, November, February, March, April and May, and never lost one in good condition and properly moved. As a rule we should prefer April. Evergreens from a nursery, with good roots, as they all have, unless they are butchered in the nursery, as is too frequently the case, seldom fail to grow anywhere; but if dark, rich, pendant foliage is desired, a strong soil, or plentiful applications of good manure, will soon gratify the wish. A dressing of manure has as much effect upon, say the Norway Spruce, as it has upon grass or grain. It will in a single season, frequently, change the yellow foliage into a deep green.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

TO DESTROY WOODCHUCKS.—A correspondent writes that a sure way to destroy woodchucks, and at the same time render their burrows uninhabitable, at least for one season, is to take from two to four ounces of powder, tie it firmly in a strong paper, with a fuse about four feet long attached; then with a stick push the paper into the hole, filling in around the fuse a foot or more of earth, and set it on fire. If, after the explosion, smoke should issue from the hole, it should be immediately stopped.

WARTS ON CATTLE.—A correspondent of the *Genesee Farmer* gives the following remedy for warts on cattle: Slake a piece of lime the size of a hen's egg, add four tablespoonfuls of soft soap, *stir* the same until well mixed. Apply the same to the warts. They will disappear in a few days, and the skin become smooth.

Useful Receipts.

NEW USE FOR COAL OIL.—Coal oil is said to be a sure destroyer of bed-bugs. Apply plentifully with a small brush or feather, to the places where they most do congregate. The cure is effectual and permanent. Gilt frames, chandeliers, &c., rubbed slightly over with coal oil, will not be disturbed by flies.

FRYA—Don't *fry* anything that you can *broil*. There is nothing that destroys the digestive powers so much as fried meat. It is no more trouble to broil than to fry, and it is much sweeter and wholesomer.

LOCK-JAW.—Pounded beet-root applied to wounds of the foot or hand, or any other part of the body intimately connected with the nervous system and from which lock-jaw may be feared—is said to be a sovereign specific against that fatal form of disease.

SIT ON THE EYELID.—An exchange says: "Put a teaspoonful of black tea in a small bag; pour on it enough boiling water to moisten it, then put it on the eye pretty warm. Keep it on all night, and by the morning the sty will most likely be gone; if not, a second application is certain to remove it."

SIX ENGLISH RECEIPTS.—We take the following six receipts from an article on dining in the London "*Once a Week*," evidently from one who likes good eating:—

Oyster Patties.—Take of oysters sufficient for the patties you may want, strain the liquor and return it to them, mix them with very fine bread-crumbs until they are of a proper thickness, add a little scalded cream, and season the whole with pepper, salt and cayenne pepper, warm it in a saucepan till it begins to simmer, when cold put it in the paste, and bake it in the shape of small mince pies, three inches in diameter. The beards and horny part should be cut off, and the oyster cut into two or three pieces.

Veal or Lamb Tendons.—When the tendons are cut, they are to be braised in good broth three or four hours, with a slice of bacon above and below each. Then make a rich puree sauce of asparagus, peas, or anything you choose to rub through a sieve; glaze the tendons, and lay them round the dish, the sauce in the middle. Peas stewed in a rich sauce are equally good, or you may serve them on spinach.

Thale Cannon or Col Cannon.—Steam the potatoes in very little water, then mash them with a fork, in the same saucepan have ready some greens boiled and chopped very fine, and some finely chopped onions raw, mix them in the saucepan with the mashed potatoes, add a little pepper and salt, and a piece of butter about the size of a walnut: mix well, heat over the fire, and dish.

Baked Apple Pudding.—Two ounces of butter, quarter pound pounded white sugar, quarter pound boiled apples, the yolks of three eggs, the whites of two eggs, the rind and juice of one lemon: mix the whole well together, and bake it in a puff paste one hour.

Lemon Pudding.—(From a receipt of the poet, Samuel Rogers.)—Take two or three Savoy biscuits, put half a tea-cup of boiled cream over them, quarter pound butter, quarter pound loaf sugar dissolved in half a tea-cup of water, the yolk of four eggs, and the whites of two eggs, well beaten, grate the rind of two small lemons, and add the juice of one lemon, then put a puff paste round the dish and bake.

Gaufres.—Take two ounces of butter, one egg and a half, two ounces of flour, one gill of cream, one teaspoonful of yeast mixed about an hour before it is used, then bake in square tins as above described. S. W.

☞ The New Orleans papers contained paragraphs announcing the formation of companies of girls and women for military service, and spoke also of a female company in the city from Mobile, 103 strong. The public will be curious to know what part these Amazons took in the fight there recently.

The Riddler.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 27 letters.

My 1, 3, 4, 10, 15, 4, is an island in Asia.
My 5, 24, 23, 27, 9, 4, 10, is a mountain in New York.
My 7, 13, 9, 14, 15, 3, is an island in Oceanica.
My 10, 15, 16, 3, 13, is a mountain in Asia.
My 13, 14, 19, 8, 10, is a river in the United States.
My 17, 23, 8, 2, 12, 20, is a city in Affghanistan.
My 19, 3, 2, 20, 21, 15, 16, is a mountain in Africa.
My 19, 24, 4, 16, 18, 26, 27, is a volcano in the Sandwich Islands.
My 19, 3, 3, 9, 13, 4, 11, 3, 3, is a city in one of the Western States.
My 20, 3, 5, 15, 6, 12, 22, 24, is one of the largest lakes in the world.
My 21, 25, 8, 2, 3, 18, 21, is a mountain in North America.
My 23, 3, 23, 2, 12, is a volcano in Iceland.
My whole is one of the principal volcanoes in the world.

GAHMEW.

MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 47 letters.

My 1, 6, 8, 19, 45, 26, was one of the Sirens.
My 2, 23, 18, 15, 16, was one of the Muses.
My 3, 46, 35, 24, 33, was King of the Titans.
My 4, 16, 43, 29, was a name for Cybele.
My 5, 13, 9, 34, 28, 10, were nymphs of fountains.
My 11, 40, 28, 43, 27, was the god of battle.
My 17, 20, 21, 35, 9, 10, was the goddess of justice.
My 19, 36, 14, 34, 35, 28, 7, was the son of Æcus.
My 22, 31, 35, 40, 37, 29, was the goddess of gardens.
My 26, 35, 22, 42, 6, 41, 44, 45, 38, 36, was the wife of Neptune.
My 38, 6, 39, 18, 30, was the brother of Saturn.
My 47, 2, 32, 25, 12, was a name for Mercury.

My whole is an old proverb.

Newport, R. I. AQUIDNECK.

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 27 letters.

My 14, 25, 27, 10, 22, is one of the West India Islands.
My 9, 10, 10, 18, 24, is an animal.
My 27, 18, 2, 5, is a river in Africa.
My 18, 17, 11, 14, 18, 8, is a book in the Bible.
My 23, 26, 18, 10, 2, 6, is a cape in North America.
My 18, 25, 8, 10, 14, is one of the elements.
My 14, 16, 20, 7, 3, 1, 4, 10, is a lake in North America.
My 1, 27, 8, 18, is a musical instrument.
My 18, 3, 5, 4, is a mountain in the United States.
My 15, 26, 3, is a noun.
My 14, 6, 12, 2, 6, is a county in Ohio.
My 22, 9, 5, 3, is an animal.
My 7, 21, 2, 12, 13, is a town in France.
My 17, 10, 26, 3, 4, is a piece of furniture.
My 8, 25, 1, 18, 11, 5, 3, is a town in Pennsylvania.

My whole is a literary institution in England.

M. ASHMORE.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My 1st is in great, but not in fall.
My 2nd is in little, but not in small.
My 3rd is in house, but not in hall.
My 4th is in wet, but not in dry.
My 5th is in wheat, but not in rye.
My 6th is in snow, but not in rain.
My 7th is in health, but not in pain.
My 8th is in grain, but not in hay.
My 9th is in night, but not in day.
My 10th is in grape, but not in wine.
My 11th is in star, but not in shine.
My 12th is in love, but not in hate.
My 13th is in captain, but not in mate.

My whole is a name will be remembered long;
'Tis written in story, 'tis breathed in song.

Batavia, Illinois. L. G. LIND.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Suppose the earth to be a perfect sphere of 8,000 miles diameter, and A. and B. start at the same time from opposite extremities of a diameter, and describe two great circles, inclined at an angle of 30 degrees; A. travelling 50 miles an hour, and B. travelling 70 miles an hour.—Required—their distance apart when nearest each other, and the distance each has *then* travelled?

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Required—the diameter of an octagon surface, each side of which is 16 inches?

Ebon, Pa. A. DAVIS YOUNG.

☞ An answer and rule are requested.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why do women like stays? Ans.—Because they feel so laced by them.

☞ Who was Scipio's wife? Ans.—Missis-sippi-o, of course.

☞ Why are indolent persons' beds too short for them? Ans.—Because they are too long in them.

☞ What dress does a lady find the most durable? Ans.—Her habit.

☞ When is a man like a looking-glass? Ans.—When he reflects.

☞ When is a window like a star? Ans.—When it is a skylight.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN OUR LAST.

MUSICAL ENIGMA.—Lucia di Lammermoor, by Donizetti. MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA.—"An obedient wife commands her husband."

Answer to PROBLEM by A. D. Young, published May 3rd.—Width of walk 1.3605 rods. Circumference required, 55.229 rods.—Herald; Covington, Ohio.

Same answer given by Francis W. Hibbard, Belmont County, Ohio, except in decimals of circumference, which he gives 259.